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THE LATE JOHN JACKSON, Esq. R.A.

THE British School of Portraiture has within little more than twelve months sustained the loss of two of its most distinguished professors, and the Royal Academy has thereby been deprived of two of its ablest supporters, and no less esteemed members. Scarcely had the prescribed period of mourning for the loss of Sir Thomas Lawrence terminated, than the friends of art had again to lament the death of Mr. Jackson, who, being little past the prime of life, and yet in the full vigour of mental energy, had he been spared, might have successfully emulated a considerable portion of his practice and his fame. The full tide of patronage flowed prosperously on Lawrence, and his genius was borne triumphantly upon the stream; his illustrious career ended,—the waters were prompt to waft the next well-appointed barque to the haven of fame. Jackson had that within him, which, properly excited, would have enabled him to accomplish great things in his art:—the field was now open to competition for the prize; and had his energies been thoroughly awakened and put in full operation, he doubtless might have won it.

It was said by the lamented Owen, though not at all querulously, that Lawrence ought to produce more splendid pictures than his competitors, because all the most illustrious for great deeds, the most exalted by birth, or most distinguished for beauty, would exclusively be painted by him. Hence, besides all the other advantages which such patronage would induce as stimuli to excellence in his art, he had the felicity of studying from a class of personages, who, without any effort of his own, supplied him abundantly with living models of grace.

The death of the late President of the Royal Academy then, touching this monopoly of good fortune, was a benefit to the other professors of portraiture; for, the taste of the aristocracy in this country leading them to patronise this department of art almost to the exclusion of

every other, still inducing a demand for portrait, they were of necessity obliged to seek the next in talent, to supply the desideratum. Hence, the present deservedly esteemed President of the Royal Academy, the veteran Sir William Beechey, Messrs. Phillips, Pickersgill, and Jackson,—each perhaps according to their respective pretensions,—had to divide the advantages hitherto so exclusively enjoyed by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It would have been, or it might at least have appeared, invidious to have pointed to Jackson as the most able in the list of competitors for the aforementioned prize of Fame; though now that he is numbered with the dead, those who were his honourable competitors whilst he was living, will readily yield to his memory all that was its due. Jackson was eminently indued with that faculty, which is esteemed, in England, perhaps, above all others in the wide scope of the attributes of the painter's art; namely, a superior perception for colour. Had he pushed this faculty to the extent of his latent power,—and as it was reasonably expected that from the increasing high patronage which he was experiencing he had determined to do,—it may not be assuming too much to infer, that he would have produced works, which would have shown that a great colourist still maintained the reputation of the British School of Portraiture.

To excel in this department of painting, judging from the habits and progress of many illustrious professors, it would appear that a portrait-painter should manifest an early predilection for that branch of study. The power of "catching a likeness" is something like a gift of nature. Many, who from necessity have relinquished the more imaginative pursuits of painting, from the want of employment or other circumstances, have toiled almost in vexation and despair, in the abstract attempt of obtaining a resemblance of the visage; whilst to Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppner, Beechey, Jackson, and others, who made choice of this department in their boyhood, the producing a likeness ever continued the least amongst the difficulties of their art.

Jackson, very early in life, evinced a capacity for pencilling a likeness, and strengthened this faculty by "noting down" the physiognomies of many of his neighbours, old and young. He was however apprenticed to a business little congenial to his graphic taste*. Whilst yet the term of his indentures was unexpired by nearly two years, finding occasional opportunities for the indulgence of his propensity for the art, he had made some heads in small, which exhibited a talent

* To his father's occupation, that of a village tailor.

much beyond what could be expected from one entirely self-taught, with no example of art to refer to in aid of his ardent desire to improve. These attempts fortunately being seen by an intelligent neighbour, though in the humble capacity of the village school-master, by his friendly exertion they were shown to the family of the late Earl of Mulgrave; and this fortuitous circumstance laid the foundation of that auspicious career which commenced on his becoming the protégé of that worthy nobleman, who, with His Lordship's brother the Hon. General Phipps, and others of his noble family, were the constant patrons and friends of the painter through life.

It was through this circumstance that Mr. Jackson obtained the countenance of the late Sir George Beaumont, at whose instance, by a subscription fund, the remainder of the term of his apprenticeship was purchased, when he was happily placed in a state of freedom to pursue the bent of his inclination for graphic study; with means much more felicitous than those which usually attend native talent, on its first embarking to explore the wide ocean of taste.

The likenesses which the ingenious youth had yet taken were principally drawn in pencil, or slightly tinted in water colours; when Sir George Beaumont advised him to make an attempt to paint in oil, lending him by way of *coup d'essai*, a three-quarter head, a portrait of the father of 'George Colman the Younger', painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Jackson was thus provided with a prototype; but how to procure the prepared pigments was a desideratum which the resources of a country village could not be supposed to supply. Genius and perseverance, however, will find resources, and surmount difficulties, which are denied to all but those who have that glorious ardour which boldly grapples with all things possible. There was in the neighbourhood a house-painter and glazier; and the ingenious young artist being a favourite with every one, this humble handicraftsman opened to him his store; and from such rude material as his back premises afforded, the tyro contrived to compound a palette, and to produce to the astonishment of his patron a copy of the picture, so veritably like in colour, execution, and effect, that Sir George was at once satisfied that Nature had intended his protégé for a painter.

It was the more fortunate for the youth that Sir George Beaumont happened to be an amateur painter of great talent, well skilled in all the arcana of the art, a consummate connoisseur, and associated in the most friendly intimacy with all the first artists of the age. Under such auspices, it will not be matter of surprise that the young painter made rapid

progress in his studies, and gave early presage of his future excellence as a master of the British school.

Soon after this period, and with the concurrence of the Earl of Mulgrave, who had munificently rewarded him for some small portraits which he had taken from members of His Lordship's family, Sir George proposed to Jackson the propriety of going to the metropolis to pursue his studies, saying, "You must attend the drawing school of the Royal Academy in the evening, and copy pictures by day. Now you shall have fifty pounds annually during your studies, which, with a table at my house in town at my expense, will, I think, be ample for a youngster who is desirous for improvement in his art. Be steady, and you will be secure of my friendship, and that of my worthy friend Lord Mulgrave." It was so arranged; and the young painter by his exemplary conduct, did all that was becoming him to deserve and maintain as he did the friendship, even the affection of these distinguished patrons to the end of their lives. He followed the venerated remains of Sir George Beaumont to the tomb a few years since, and recently—rendering the same homage to the manes of his first patron, Lord Mulgrave, such the decree!—was smitten o'er his hallowed grave by that unrelenting hand, which, in a few days, numbered him also with the dead.

Mr. Jackson having accomplished the term appropriated to the study of drawing, now commenced portrait-painter in the metropolis; and being supported by the influence of the Earl of Mulgrave, and recommended by Sir George Beaumont, obtained much employment. For some years however subsequent to this, his portraits in oil obtained for him no great distinction. Hoppner, Beechey, Opie, Owen, and Phillips, his contemporaries, were esteemed superior in this department, having by more extensive practice the reputation of getting together the tout-ensemble of a picture with more tact. Lawrence too was then approximating the zenith of his fame. Indeed, Jackson's pictures were not wrought in that style, which made a striking impression in the Royal Academy exhibitions; and his pictures, even whole-length portraits of persons of rank and title, were in consequence frequently hung almost at the highest elevation on the walls of the Exhibition.

At this period, about twenty years ago, although Jackson had not established his reputation as a painter in oil, his portraits in water-colours were universally admired; and his practice in this department was extensive, and productive of a very handsome income. In these, the heads were tastefully drawn, the resemblances were faithfully cor-

rect, and although carefully finished, wrought with masterly spirit. The style indeed was so deservedly popular, that his practice was greater perhaps than that of any contemporary portrait-painter in small. Many of the heads engraved in Cadell's splendid publication, "Portraits of illustrious Persons of the Eighteenth Century," were from drawings by Jackson.

However great the celebrity and the income which Jackson obtained by these performances, many of which were beautiful, he sought distinction in a superior order of art. He felt conscious that by due exertion he might compete with the most celebrated portrait-painters in oil; and relinquishing the practice of water colours, soon accomplished his object. One of the pictures which gave him rank amongst the *élite* of the British school, was a portrait of Canova the celebrated Italian sculptor, exhibited in the great room of the Royal Academy,—this alone was sufficient to establish his fame.

The tact with which Mr. Jackson copied the works of the old masters surprised his contemporaries. His imitations were *fac-similes*, and appeared to be produced almost without any mental effort. Some few years since, feeling desirous to obtain a study from a portrait of Rubens, *ipse pinxit*, one of the pictures which His late Majesty munificently sent to the British Institution as an exemplar to the students, Mr. Jackson seated himself amongst the many artists, some of established reputation, who were copying there, several indeed from this particular portrait. The promptitude, however, with which he wrought his effect, and the certainty with which he proceeded, developing the system of Rubens, led the whole group to suspend their operations; and marvelling at his superior perceptions, they not only felt, but expressed their admiration at the intelligence and skill which governed his pencil, and enabled him with this enviable facility to master his object.

The facility with which he wrought, strange as it might appear, may perhaps be assigned as a reason why his progress to the highest point of art was not obtained. He accomplished his works with that ease, which is apt to beget indifference to fame. Men of genius, not impelled by ambition, feeling that they can accomplish when they please greater works than those which they perform on the spur of the moment, are apt to procrastinate,—to defer today that which may be done tomorrow,—until that future day—which they may never live to behold. His employers were pleased with his performances,—and he was content.

Not possessing at this moment any other data than those which a too

frail memory supplies, the writer of this slight memorial pretends not to mark accurately the dates of his progress, the order in which his best works appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, nor even the year in which he received the diploma which obtained for him a seat in the great Sanhedrim of Somerset House; these circumstances, however, may be collected at the expense of no great effort of research, by reference to the Exhibition catalogues of the last fifteen or twenty years.

It is due to the memory of Mr. Jackson however to say, that during the last two or three years of his practice, certain of his pictures displayed qualities of a very superior order. That "*low-toned brightness*" which Sir Joshua Reynolds admired, and which he so successfully obtained in his finest productions, prevailed in the latter works of Mr. Jackson; sufficiently indeed, to remind the connoisseur of the feeling of that illustrious painter, without inducing a thought that Jackson, like the late Hoppner, was a copyist of Sir Joshua's manner.

The whole-length portrait of the Marquis of Chandos represented in the costume of an officer of the Hussars, which last year appeared in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, was a picture of surpassing excellence, although its merits were not of that forced or artificial character which is almost indispensable in rendering a portrait of large dimensions sufficiently imposing in effect to bear up against the meretricious splendour of an exhibition at Somerset House.

Jackson indeed had nothing artificial in his composition, either physically, morally, or professionally. As a man, he was urbane, frank, open and generous; as a painter he was no less genuine: and that native honesty which rendered him so estimable to his numerous friends, appears to have influenced his views of art, and to have prevailed in his works.

In a subsequent notice of this esteemed artist it is proposed to enter more particularly into his mode of practice, and to portray his character by adding considerably to this mere mental sketch: for the present, therefore, it may suffice to observe, that amongst his most admired portraits the following will be readily remembered by the amateurs who were wont frequently to pass an hour in his studio,—and he was, when not engaged with a sitter, always accessible,—and will be recollected without difficulty by the intelligent who have of late annually visited the exhibitions of the Royal Academy at Somerset House.

A whole-length of the venerable Earl Fitzwilliam, painted about two years since, is esteemed one of Mr. Jackson's very best pictures. His Lordship, from motives which the painter could not successfully com-

bat, namely those which arose from a desire to avoid publicity, refused to allow the picture to be exhibited at Somerset House, a refusal which to the painter was a subject of deep regret.

The Hon. Mrs. Agar Ellis, Lady Ann Vernon (the lady of the present Archbishop of York), and Miss Vernon their daughter, are amongst the happiest efforts of his pencil.

Portraits of the bust of Thomas Stothard, R.A., Henry Bone, R.A., and the late John Flaxman, R.A. These three admirable heads painted by Jackson, were executed by the desire of the distinguished patron of art, Lord Dover, as part of a series of portraits of British artists; which compliment that accomplished nobleman, able connoisseur, and very liberal patron of the Fine Arts, intended to extend to all the members of the Royal Academy, and to place them in his gallery. Sir Thomas Lawrence had promised to sit to Jackson as the subject for the next on the list. The unexpected death of Sir Thomas suspended for a time the continuation of the series, and it is to be feared that with the demise of Jackson the plan was ended.

Of one of these portraits, that of Flaxman, too much cannot be said in commendation,—it was stamped in the mint of Nature. The encomiums which Sir Thomas Lawrence bestowed on it whilst presiding at the dinner previously to opening the Exhibition in which it shone a graphic star, were such as did no less honour to the candour and good taste of the President than to the talent of him on whom it was bestowed. Sir Thomas, in the presence of the first nobility in the land, illustrious foreigners and others, the most honoured and esteemed amongst men, panegyricised the work, “as a great achievement of the English school, and a picture of which Vandyck might have felt proud to own himself the author.”

Two portraits of John Soane, R.A., one of which (in small) represented the venerable architect decorated with the insignia of a freemason.

A portrait of the late Rev. Holwell Carr, now in the National Gallery, Pall Mall; a fine half-length of Mr. Ludgate; several members of the family of Sir W. Bagshaw of the Oaks near Sheffield; and a fine portrait of Daniel Sykes, Esq. late M.P. for Hull.

Mr. Jackson at different periods of his life painted his own portrait both in water colours and in oil. A drawing of his own bust too, in black chalk heightened with white, executed nearly the size of life upon coloured crayon paper, is not only a faithful resemblance, but one of the finest specimens of mastery and execution extant. This was done “off hand,” as a present to a friend. His best portrait of him self however, considered as a complete picture, is that which he painted for

his honoured friend and patron the late Earl of Carlisle, which is in the collection at Castle Howard.

Mr. Jackson has left a fine portrait of Baron Denoyers, which he intended to send as a present to that celebrated French artist, in return for a collection of proof impressions of his engravings which the Baron presented to him during his visit to Paris.

During the exhibition of Flaxman's portrait at the Royal Academy, a celebrated French artist standing before the picture exclaimed, "Ah! this is very fine portrait—almost as fine as Gerard;" and still dwelling upon it, rejoined, "quite as fine as Gerard!"—A pretty liberal admission for a Frenchman.

The picture indeed, from its striking effect, invited many remarks: amongst others, those of two inquisitive youngsters, disciples of the palette. "What vehicle do you think did Jackson use to get so much the character of an old master?" said one;—the response was neither prompt nor satisfactory: when a third, of about the same standing, listening to the dialogue, exclaimed, "I have it,—he rubs it over with dirt, and then he varnishes."

Mr. Jackson was twice married. By his first wife he had one child, a daughter, yet living. After remaining a widower three or four years, he married the daughter of James Ward, Esq. R.A., by whom he had three children, yet infants.

Mr. Jackson was about fifty years of age at the time of his decease. He was born at the village of Lastingham, in the county of York, for which place he manifested so great an affection, that for many years he seldom failed to make an annual visit to this scene of his early associations. As a mark of his reverence for the church there, a short time since he completed a picture, which he presented to the parish for an altar-piece, together with the sum of fifty pounds to enlarge the space from which it was to receive light. The subject, 'Christ in the garden,' from the invaluable cabinet picture by Correggio, in the collection of the Duke of Wellington. His Grace lent Mr. Jackson the picture for this express pious purpose, and the figures were enlarged to the size of life.

Notwithstanding this gift to the altar of the Established Church, Mr. Jackson was a sectarian, being one of the most esteemed amongst the congregation denominated Methodists, and one of the strictest of the persuasion.

THE LATE MATHER BROWN, Esq.

SINCE the publication of our last, another painter, long associated with our recollections of the arts, has also been called to the tomb. Mr. Mather Brown, a disciple of the late Mr. West, on the 1st of June breathed his last, at his apartments in Newman Street, having tenanted part of the spacious house formerly occupied by Dawe the Academician.

It was wisely observed by the great Lord Bacon, "that a love for poetry did not necessarily imply a genius for poetry." So with other arts; for if an ardent love for painting joined to perseverance could have made a man a painter, Mr. Mather Brown would indubitably have become as eminent as his honoured master, or as Michael Angelo himself; for he was devoted to painting, and fagged to the last, though arrived at a period of life beyond that allotted by the divine poet to man: and yet his want of success neither lessened the daily term of his labours, nor abated his enthusiasm, even to the measure of a scruple. Happily for him, in his sunny days he laid by something in store for the day that was to come, and he could afford to purchase canvasses and panels and colours, and hire models, and amuse himself in accumulating historical pictures, and poetical pictures, and portraits, and pictures of all sizes and on all subjects, as they rung the changes on his never-flagging fancy; and could view them too with that self satisfaction which rendered him happy in his canvass-crowded studio, in spite of legions of surrounding critics, numerous as Satan's evil spirits arrayed by Field Marshal Beelzebub on the banks of the fiery lake. Mather Brown—was a philosopher.

There was a time though when Mr. Brown participated in the public patronage which, past its dawn, began to warm with its rays the native school of art. Boydell had commenced his Shakspeare Gallery, a project in which this painter, who was a man of discernment, had aided with his counsel, and his friend Boydell commissioned him to paint some of the subjects for that splendid national work. The recollection of this proud period of his professional prosperity was dear to his old age, as to pious heathens of old their household gods. The sphere of his honours was still widened by his being employed to paint portraits of their Majesties George the Third and Queen Charlotte, and other members of the Royal Family. Indeed, towards the latter end of the last century he enjoyed considerable practice as a portrait-painter, and for several years occupied a spacious house in Cavendish-square, the

same that had been tenanted by his predecessor Romney. Here he painted whole-lengths, half-lengths, kit-cats, and three-quarter pictures of many Lords and Ladies, and others, people of rank, and some of that still higher class, according to Sir Godfrey Kneller's appreciation, whom he denominated "God's own nobility," namely, men highly gifted with genius, "architects of their own fortune and fame." He was moreover the painter of certain subjects from which were engraven some of the most popular prints. The Marquis Cornwallis receiving as hostages the sons of Tippoo Saib, the tyrant of the East, being of the number. These productions, marking the taste of the times, at least may serve to refer to, as links in the chronological chain of the arts. His works, which were usually outside the threshold of mediocrity, pleased the public, for they amounted in talent to a level with the intellect of the people, and were collected by all but the enlightened few—and few they were indeed compared with the million, even less than half a century ago—in this then boasted "great intellectual nation."

A certain critic in a slashing review of a very large historical picture, which made an extraordinary sensation some ten or twelve years since, by way of salvo to the scourgation inflicted, consoled the painter with "But we are ready to admit that it requires no small exertion of intellect to paint even an indifferent great historical subject." So applying this, which referred to another, to the labours of poor Mr. Mather Brown, he did—and what is the more extraordinary, towards the very latter period of his life—produce a picture of the Resurrection, in which the carnations were painted with a purity that approximated to fine colouring. He did, moreover, in the prime and vigour of his career, produce an occasional portrait that possessed some qualities which were considered orthodox even by his brethren of the palette. We record these things with satisfaction, in justice to the memory of our old friend Mr. Brown.

This gentleman was a native of America, and coming to England whilst yet a young man, he became a pupil of the late Mr. West, universally then acknowledged "the greatest historical painter of the age." His admiration of the talents of his preceptor, who was ever kind to his disciple, amounted almost to idolatry; and during the years that Mr. West's gallery remained open, even to the period when his vast collection was brought to the hammer in the spring of 1819, scarcely a day passed that he did not proceed thither to his devotions before his great idols the Scriptural pictures painted for the King. To use his own words, "he worshiped them by day, and they were even before him as delightful visions of the night." Knowing his venerable master

as he did, and intimately acquainted as he was with his professional and social habits, and being on terms so familiar with the many distinguished persons who from year to year were wont to assemble in almost daily morning conclave in his gallery, it is to be regretted that Mr. Brown had not kept a diary of the sayings and doings of such a coterie. Indeed Mr. Brown, had he been so disposed, was well qualified to write the Life of his illustrious master, for he was a man of reading, had received a liberal education, and was moreover a great observer of "men and things." As such a work might have reasonably contained much artistical chit-chat, he could have rendered it rich in that choice material, for no man was more fully acquainted with the history of all that appertained to the British School than he.

Mr. Brown of late years lived much alone, and hence it is to be inferred acquired habits too frequently allied to solitude,—carelessness of personal appearance. He was remembered as a fine personable man, and dressed well. Of late his appearance was that which would imply poverty and wretchedness; and so lost had he become to what the customs of society such as he had formed a part of demanded, that his presence excited emotions of pity and disgust,—though pity predominated, as his manners were still gentlemanly, and his conversation polite. He could not be regarded latterly, but as an intellectual ruin tottering on the brink of his grave.

Though not much addicted to moralizing, we cannot however refrain from the expression of our feelings on what has occurred within a very few years amongst our old and worthy friends in this neighbourhood.—Dawe, who had the common failings of a sordid man, yet had redeeming qualities—we could step into his studio whenever we willed, and find a painter of talent ready for an intellectual gossip; and no one, unless it were his own fault, could converse with Dawe, either as a painter or a philosopher, without deriving benefit from the interview. He is gone to the world of spirits!—A few doors southward, we being of those who had from our boyhood the privilege of the *entré*, could at all times and seasons walk into the gallery of Mr. West, and ever be received with courtesy. Always affable, and friendly, and condescending, from our youth upwards he would entertain ourselves and others for hours, sometimes painting meanwhile, or giving his valuable time to the enjoyment of his friends, as though it cost him naught. He too, honoured and full of years, is gone to his eternal rest!—Onward still but a bow-shot's length, and our esteemed friend Jackson's hospitable door, which never opened upon creaking hinges:—who worth knowing ever entered there, but was received with a smile, and entertained with

a cheerful tale, that seduced even Diligence herself to tarry awhile, and thrice bidding adieu, yet to tarry still. His door is now closed, even to eternity! and who shall there henceforth knock and find his like again?—Turn back a few paces, and one is yet left, whose gray locks add reverence to genius; Stothard is yet approachable, and with courtesy turns over the pages of his more than one-thousand-and-one enchanting graphic tales, rich in fancy as Nature when displaying her morning and her evening skies to the eyes of admiring mountain shepherd composing lyric offerings to his love. Rare genius! still adding to the stores of art;—when thy day is past, who like thee shall adorn the poet's page?

Yet a few years, and some future pen may be delectably employed in writing the intellectual history of this prolific region of celebrated men, though under the unpretending—yea unpoetic title "The Worthies of Newman Street."

The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knight. By D. E. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Concluded from page 369.]

WE resume our account of the life of Sir T. Lawrence at the most important period of his professional career,—his mission to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the portraits of the allied sovereigns; and from which time also the interest of the work before us increases, principally on account of the number of letters contained in the second volume. We shall here in a great measure give up the critic, and allow his biographer to speak for himself, and the letters to speak for their author, merely commenting on them where occasion may offer.

"Sir Thomas, in one of his numerous unembarrassed letters to his old and familiar friend, Mr. J. J. Angerstein, at Vienna, dated 1818, says, 'The terms on which I undertook this mission were, to be paid my usual prices for the portraits, and 1000*l.* for travelling expenses and loss of time. My journey to Rome will be on the same. These appear to be liberal terms, and I am sure are meant as such by the prince. The first was of my own proposing, when the question was asked me; but I must still look to the honour I have received, and the good fortune of having been thus distinguished in my profession, as the chief good resulting from it, for many unavoidable circumstances make it of less pecuniary advantage.'

"If Sir Thomas did not complain of these pecuniary terms, nobody has a right to complain for him; but what has become a public transaction, is a

legitimate object of public sentiment and opinion; and it may be thought scarcely right for an extremely affluent potentate to let an artist who departs upon a national mission, have to set off the honour of being distinguished by the selection, against the calculation that the labourer is worthy of his hire. With placemen under Government, such arrangements are never thought of.

"Much importance must have been attached to this mission to Aix-la-Chapelle, of the representative of British art. Our Government, fearing a want of due accommodation for so many splendid paintings on so large a scale, caused to be constructed in this country, a house in wooden framework containing three rooms. The first or sitting-room for the subjects was fifty feet long by eighteen feet wide. There were two ante-rooms, the one of twenty feet by eighteen, and the other eighteen by twelve. These ingenious portable rooms were shipped at the Custom House of London, with all Sir Thomas's canvasses and *matériel*, on Saturday the 3rd of October, 1818, and our ambassador at Aix-la-Chapelle, Lord Castlereagh, ordered them to be erected on the grounds of his hotel, as central to the accommodation of all parties.

"But mismanagement rendered this absurd or at least unnecessary contrivance abortive. Sir Thomas left England on the 29th of September, 1818, and arrived at Aix in a few days. The house was shipped on the 3rd of October, and did not arrive at Aix until it was useless. This *contretemps* was of very serious injury to the whole scheme.

"Writing from Aix-la-Chapelle to Mr. Farington, on the 5th of November, 1818, Sir Thomas Lawrence says,

"My dear friend,

"I would fill my letter with the causes of my not having sooner written it, but you will conceive them, in the anxieties, engagements, and business of my situation here, and take from me a short journal-leaf of my recent proceedings; for the first part of my story, owing to the unlooked-for delay of my packages, was, except in alternate hope and disappointment, a perfect blank. My painting materials, large canvasses, &c. &c. were all in those packages.

"The known departure of the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia for the review, urged me to one exertion only, that of making a drawing of the former, that I might copy it on a large canvass, and thus prepare it for him in his absence. For that drawing, his Imperial Majesty honoured me with two sittings, and expressed himself much satisfied with it, twice assuring me, and those around him, that he liked it better than any recent one of him that had been before attempted. At the close of the sitting, he informed me of the exact duration of his stay with the armies, adding, that he would give me other sittings, for the large portrait, on his return.

"The temporary rooms for which Lord Castlereagh had destined a part of his garden, not having arrived, the magistrates of this city granted me the use of part of the large gallery of the Hotel de Ville, which was immediately fitted up as my painting-room, and it is *certainly the best I ever had*. The building itself is of vast size, and the length and height of the gallery and the portions of it reserved for me are in proportion to it. It has three large windows, one north, and though it is of great depth, from an excellent German stove, it is of the most temperate heat throughout.

" 'The magistrates took the right tone, not considering it as a boon to an individual, in which they might not have been justified, whatever might be his supposed professional talent, but viewing it as an additional honour to their city, that the allied monarchs honoured its Hotel de Ville with their frequent presence for this purpose, in conformity with the desire of the Prince Regent of England.

" 'A few days after the departure of the Emperor of Russia, after making due inquiries as to the number and length of sittings, the Emperor of Austria condescended to fix a day for his coming, and punctually at the hour I had the honour of receiving him in my new painting-room; and the result has been, that, from the first sitting to the last completion of the likeness, (for it is finished,) I entirely succeeded, I may truly and accurately say, to the delight of his officers and attendants, and of numbers of the people of Aix-la-Chapelle, by whom he is exceedingly beloved, crowds lining the terrace and the hall of the Hotel de Ville on his departure, and shouting forth the enthusiasm of the heart for their former sovereign. Yesterday was his sixth sitting, and he sits to me once more for the hand, the face being entirely completed.

" 'I had some difficulties to encounter. His countenance is rather long and thin, and when grave, is grave to melancholy; but when he speaks, benevolence itself lights it up with the most agreeable expressions, and making it the perfect image of a good mind. He lives in all the state of imperial majesty, with splendid state equipages, &c. &c. and of right takes precedence of Russia.' "

" Thursday Evening.

" 'This morning I had the honour of receiving the Emperor of Russia, who came in the uniform he wore at the battle of Leipsig. He is a man of business, and I felt that, come when he would, it would be a sacrifice of time.

" 'He sat to me for an hour and three quarters, and appointed to come again the day after to-morrow, and I had faintly painted in the head from the drawing. The sitting, though the first, advanced the portrait considerably, and successfully. I have no fear of the result. He saw my pictures of the Prince Regent, Blucher, Platoff, &c. for the first time, and with them, that of the Emperor of Austria and the portraits of the ministers, Prince Hardenburgh, Metternich, Count Nesselrode, with all of which he seemed greatly pleased. He is still a subject of great interest and eager curiosity. The landing places of the stairs, the halls and terraces, are lined with respectable people of the place, strangers, &c."

On another occasion, he wrote to his friend, Mrs. Wolff, saying—

" 'Tell all ill-bred men of your acquaintance, tell *me* this anecdote of the Emperor of Russia. In the midst of the concert, while the first violin was playing, I saw his eye glancing towards ladies at some short distance from him. When the close of a passage permitted it, he advanced with the greatest precaution, but perfect ease, and not the smallest sound of tread, to take a teacup from a lady, the wife of one of the aides-du-camp of Lord Wellington, (who had the good sense not to resist it,) returning to place it on a table.' "

To another friend he writes ;—

“ ‘ The King of Prussia returns here to-night. His sitting, and the Duc de Richelieu (a fine subject for the pencil) will complete my list at this place, for neither the Russian nor Austrian generals are at Aix-la-Chapelle.

“ ‘ The weather is delightful, my faithful servant Holman fags for me with hearty zeal, and disdain of labour and hours. I am in my painting-room by half-past eight, after breakfast, and between nine and ten the fine Prussian band march into the *grand place*, and enliven the brightest morning with fine airs and marches, some of which I have heard before, particularly an English air, which probably you may remember, of God save Great George our King, and which they play with many charming variations.

“ ‘ Have you had enough of me? I suppose the Emperor of Austria has, for he told the Duke of Wellington the other day, that on that morning I had been in very good humour—I had let him off with two hours. At least this informs you of the good humour of the speaker.

“ ‘ I have been fortunately painting, as though my friends and liberal gentlemanly competitors were around me, of whom I have been often reminded, as the boys of Sparta were taught temperance. Tell me of those friends—of your own health—Mr. Smirke, Thomson, Howard, Owen, Shee, Westmacott, and Phillips. Is it true, that Mr. West is completing his paintings in the library of the Queen’s house? He should get it to exhibit them in. Pray do not fail to give my kind respects to him, and to Mr. Fuseli—to Mr. Flaxman; to each when you see them. But this letter is too full of self to be other than confidential to an indulgent and attached friend. Not, however, more lenient than he is respected by his

“ ‘ Faithful and obliged

“ ‘ THOMAS LAWRENCE.

“ ‘ Monday evening, 8th.

“ ‘ This morning I had sittings of both the Emperors, (may I say it?) I have entirely succeeded in both. You may guess the general sense, from the love and enthusiasm borne by Austrians and Russians to their sovereigns, and from the curiosity of the people of Aix to see Alexander, and from their affection to see Francis. Now, dear friend, write if possible, the day you receive this. Remember me with the most constant regard to Vilmoins.”

“ ‘ His description of his effecting a change of attitude in the portrait of the Emperor of Russia is amusing. It is extracted from one of his letters to Mrs. Wolff.

“ ‘ I had to act decidedly against his judgment and wishes, and to make a total alteration in the picture, changing entirely the action of the legs, and consequently of the trunk. You will readily imagine that, circumstanced as I am, I work with the utmost vigilance of eye,—I never exerted this with more certain effect than in drawing in that very action. The process was new to the Emperor, and the accuracy with which it was done surprised and pleased him. All seeing in it an unusual action of his Majesty, gave it their unanimous approbation, and I, only on the day after saw its defect, and at all hazards determined to amend it.

“ ‘ He stands always resting on one leg—(you know what I mean, the other loose on the ground, like the figures of the antique)—and he stands either with his hat in his hand, or with his hands closely knit before him.

The first figure was thus. You perceive that he here seems to be shrinking and retiring from the object of his contemplation, determining at the same time to preserve and hold fast one certain good from the enemy, whatever be the issue of the battle. These were my objections; and the vexatious thing was, that, before an audience of his friends, I was to commence the alteration, by giving him *four* legs, and though gradually obliterating the two first; still their agreeable lines were remaining in most complicated confusion. What I expected took place: during almost the whole of it, the attendant generals complained, and the Emperor, though confiding in my opinion, was still dissatisfied. However, I accomplished the alteration, and the vessel righted.'

"In a letter to his niece, written exactly three weeks after, and dated Aix-la-Chapelle, Nov. 26, 1818, he again laments that the delayed arrival of his packages had occasioned him infinite anxiety, and had kept him in a state of idleness up to the 26th of October. He then says, 'My exertions have been repaid by complete success; the family, attendants and the subjects of each sovereign unanimously declaring, that the portraits I have taken are the most faithful and satisfactory resemblances of them that have ever been painted, and the general voice of all uniting in common approbation—a word that I assure you is much below the impression I use it to describe.

"There has been but little of that gaiety that you might have expected here from the meeting of so many illustrious personages. A few concerts (at which Catalani sung more miraculously than ever,) and I think but two balls. The first was over before my arrival; the other I saw, in which the three sovereigns danced the Polonaise, or rather walked it, with several ladies, beginning with either Lady Castlereagh or the Princess of Tour and Taxis (sister of the late Queen of Prussia). There were an infinite abundance of stars and diamonds, and a deficiency of beauty. Lord Castlereagh was by much the handsomest man in the room, although there is great nobleness in the upper part of the countenance of the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor Francis has a face, when speaking, of benevolence itself, and that expression I have been happy enough to catch. The King of Prussia is taller than either, but with more reserve of manner. He has good features, and is of a sincere and generous nature. The Princess of Tour and Taxis has a very fine figure and manner.

"On Tuesday last I had the honour of receiving, in the entrance hall of the Maison de Ville, the Empress-dowager of Russia, and of accompanying her up to my painting-room, where I had the happiness of witnessing her delight on seeing the portrait of the Emperor, and of receiving from her the fullest and frequently repeated testimonies of her approbation, in sentiments that I will not trust to paper, even to you, my dear Ann. I think that, relatively to my professional life, it was the happiest and proudest day I have ever known; the Emperor, who had returned but the night before from Brussels, having visited me in the morning just as he was setting off again, and honoured me (being entirely alone) with the most gracious and flattering conversation,—at the close of it, firmly holding and pressing my hand for many minutes.

"The Emperor has commanded me to paint a copy of it for the Empress-dowager—(you should have witnessed her apprehensions, frequently uttered, lest it should not be as identically her son as the original picture)—a copy

of the Emperor Francis, of the King of Prussia, of the Prince Regent, and, in the garter robes, of the Duke of Wellington.

"The King of Prussia has commanded a copy of his own portrait for Berlin, and of the two Emperors, and of the Prince Regent, in military dress. The ministers, in whose portraits I have equally succeeded, all request copies of them—Prince Hardenberg, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode, and the Duc de Richlieu. Prince Hardenberg (the old Chancellor) through general Woronzow, (son of the late ambassador) who attended the Empress, informed me, when with her, that Count A. was charged with a message to me from the Emperor; and the next day he came with the general, presenting me, from his Imperial Majesty, with a superb diamond ring. On my dining with Prince Hardenberg, his highness presented me with another from the King of Prussia, with his initials in the centre, accompanied with a most gracious message.

"My professional intercourse with the Emperor Francis is not terminated. I have again to paint him, and am just setting off to Vienna for that purpose, and (to complete the general plan of the Prince Regent) to paint the portrait of Prince Schwartzburgh, who, as you know, was generalissimo of the armies in the last campaigns against France. The Emperor Francis has promised a copy of his portrait for the Town House of Aix-la-Chapelle.

"Providence has enabled me to give the fullest exertions of my faculties to this arduous business, and a coincidence of rare circumstances has given a professional distinction to it that has never yet occurred. Sent here by royal command, the magistrates of an imperial city, in which for centuries the Emperor has been crowned, granted me the principal gallery of the Town House for my painting-room; and to this the three greatest monarchs in recent political importance, have condescended to come to be painted by me—the Emperor Francis sitting to me seven times, the Emperor Alexander (including two for a drawing) seven times, and the King of Prussia six; the average time in each sitting being two hours, and in the result, and even during progress, my exertions being accompanied and crowned with the most complete success. Give my affectionate remembrances, my best love, to my dear Ann and Andrew. Tell them my health continues good, although I have had colds. My servants are both well. Holman has been animated with the true and faithful spirit of a good servant in an hour of urgency and necessary fatigue; and we are now both preparing for a further effort. Believe me, my dearest Ann, with love to all, and attached respects to Dr. Bloxam, and likewise particularly to Dr. and Mrs. Wool,

"Ever your affectionate uncle,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Direct to me at his Excellency's, Lieut.-General Lord Stewart, &c. &c. Vienna."

In one of his letters, written while travelling from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, Lawrence writes,

"I tell you, without method, all the pleasant or singular things that occur; and this, indeed, is a moment of fatigue, when want of order may be pardoned. I have slept out of my carriage but one night since I left Aix-la-Chapelle, and this is now the eighth. Garrick and Colman ought to have one day's taste of the lower regions, for giving to a ludicrous character, in

the comedy of the Clandestine Marriage the name of Mrs. Heydelberg. Of all the grandly romantic spots, by nature, art, and interesting circumstances, that I ever saw, or that I think can exist, Heydelberg is the first. On the heights overlooking the university stands a castle!—a dream, a relic of Ariosto, left by him to be once seen by Lord Byron and Walter Scott, both, in this case, having a right to the grand vision.

‘ Towers and battlements he sees
Bosom’d deep in tufted trees,’

excites no image half so magnificent. It is all ruins, but ruins of so gorgeous a nature—and then so various—part of it like a vast . . . * and a mass of rocks, then instantly contrasting with another mass, incrustured with embellishments of architecture, and with sculpture between each window, of which there stand tiers on tiers of dukes, lords, and knights, in richest armour, with all the highly-wrought, grotesque accompaniments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then again come the massive square walls, of seemingly impregnable defence, with vast round towers, and more intricate structures for offensive warfare; and round them all, outermost walls of amplest extent, and still existing remains of hanging gardens of Babylon, over a keep of tremendous depth, and a fallen tower, that discovers the small stairs of the more dreadful depth beneath. The nearer approach to the town from a fine bridge, with statues, uniting at a small distance with the magnificent forms I have mentioned, (all of which overhang the town on a great height,) is equally picturesque, though of another character. Then the students meeting you in every street, in dresses like those of Andrea del Sarto, and the Florentines of Michael Angelo’s time, all of them with port-feuilles under their arms, seem to bring forward in daylight vision, another and the most interesting age that painters can languish to have known.”

This is pictorial description. In another letter (to Mr. Angerstein,) he speaks of his intended visit to Rome, to paint the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi; whose portraits are without exception the grandest and finest of his pictures.

“To visit Rome has been one of those day-dreams that I have frequently indulged in; and the circumstances under which I may now gratify that wish, are, perhaps, the most favourable that could have been imagined, unless I had procured an ample fortune, and proceeded thither at my entire leisure. Yet I will own, that, either from my unfitness for much enterprise in travelling, or from the proposition not forming part of the original plan, and therefore being unprovided for, in my professional arrangements at home, in which indeed this journey to Vienna was not in my contemplation,—from these and many home-feelings, I have certainly had less pleasure in the anticipation of this extended close of my mission, than perhaps it is grateful in me to feel.

“I have been silent upon the subject, from this want of alacrity; and even this morning I expressed to my kind friend, Lord Stewart, a hope that something in conversation at Carlton House might occur to delay it till next

* The letter illegible, being torn at this place.

year; but he appears to feel apprehensive lest even the least hint of it might offend the Prince Regent.

"This is exactly my situation, and these are my feelings in it. I want cheering letters from the very few friends to whom I mention it, to bid me undertake the journey with cheerfulness; or I want some miracle to prevent it, that may still leave me in the undiminished favour of my royal patron."

We are at a loss to account for this not mere indifference but positive disinclination to visit the Immortal City, where the equally immortal labours of the divine Raphael, and the superhuman creatures of Michael Angelo, eclipse by their beauty and grandeur the glories of its history. Was it a sense of the overwhelming greatness of those works?—it could not be insensibility. His biographer says that "there is a frequent recurrence of this regret at his compulsory visit to Italy; for, although he longed to enjoy the treasures of art contained in the Eternal City, his thoughts and feelings were homeward bound, and he wished to postpone his visit to the Roman capital another year." Had he left a wife and family at home, this would have been accounted for; but to us it appears that for an artist to have the opportunity of visiting Rome, and to wish to postpone it another year, is inexplicable, but for the reason we have assigned: and we think the following extract from a letter from Vienna, addressed to Miss Crofts, confirms our opinion.

"Greatly as it has lowered my estimation of my own talents, I am thankful that I have seen the fine works which this journey has presented to me, though, till my safe return, and knowledge of the continued health of my beloved friends, whose truth and affection are my rock and support, I dare not be thankful for the journey. When I have seen, in all their splendour, Michael Angelo and Raphael, the world of art will have been unfolded to me, and all repinings be at an end, that professional views can have been excited. That I have not done more than I have, that I may not do infinitely more, will have been my own fault. Fortune and friendship have done everything for me, and the love of the good, and the accomplished, and wise, has rewarded me above all possible desert."

On his arrival at Rome in May 1819, his biographer says,—

"Notwithstanding his *Nostalgia*, Rome evidently kindled in him a concentration of mind and feeling, forming a perfect contrast to everything that appears in his previous communications from the continent. It is very curious to reflect upon the fact, that the person who was at the head of the arts in Europe, leaving all competitors at an immeasurable distance, should be visiting Italy, for the first time, at the age of fifty. If any prejudice existed against the victor from the *Ultima Thule*, who had not drunk at the Pierian spring, it was overcome by his substantial merits; for we hear of no competition, of no damning with faint praise. The honours paid to him at Rome were flattering to the individual, and gratifying to his countrymen.

"His journey from Vienna to Rome was very rapid and impatient. He slept every night in his carriage, *en route*, except one, when he arrived at Bologna at two in the morning, and going to bed till seven, he rose at that hour and proceeded to inspect the works at the academy, but more particularly those of Domenichino, and the Carracci, and Guido. Of his sensations and opinions upon first beholding, and afterwards reflecting upon these great works, he transmitted to England but few and very cursory accounts.

"His first impressions of Rome, (he arrived on the 10th of May 1819.) and of its architecture, were very unfavourable; but he had soon occasion to alter his sentiments. Men of strong imaginations can always create ideas of objects more grand and beautiful than the objects themselves; and they anticipate more ardent feelings than, at first, they are likely to experience. It is reflection, and a just association of ideas, that afterwards raise the objects to their real value, and the feelings become warmed upon every new examination.

"Sir Thomas says, that he first caught the distant view of the dome of St. Peter's on a very fine morning, between six and seven o'clock, and that his pleasure at approaching the city increased every fifty yards, until he entered at the Porto del Popolo, when his delusion vanished, and he 'found Rome small.' He shortly afterwards confesses that he was subsequently 'overpowered with its immensity and grandeur.'"

And in his letter to Mr. Farington, R.A., "nearly the first he wrote from Rome," which is that alluded to by Mr. Williams,—after enumerating his own paintings, and speaking of the Prince Regent and his introductions at Vienna, he says, "Rome I must leave comparatively unseen;" but in what this "must" consists is, "that I may return to England without delay," for which no reason whatever is given: "Rome," he goes on to say, "which only Lord Byron has feeling and capacity to describe. The 'Niobe of nations' it is indeed—the Eternal City, to the sons of time; for with that it must exist, linked as it is to every feeling, sentiment, impression, and power of the human heart and mind."

He then continues:

"Bonaparte forces himself upon you in the Vatican, and you involuntarily exclaim, 'How could he see this?'—and then you remember that he never saw it; and that one addition, therefore, of crime and disgrace is spared him in the having seen it, and still retained his hard and low ambition. You have seen his countenance, but could you have seen it at the moment that Rome and the Vatican met his eye, how dark would have been its expression, as that daring and arrogant spirit had retired within itself, baffled and defeated—for unless he could have fixed his seat of empire here, his toils had been nothing; and in the hands of this old man had still existed an empire over the soul, that even to himself had shamed his tyranny."

Lawrence would not have held this opinion of Bonaparte had he

lived under his empire, or had Napoleon been one of the Holy Alliance. The following extracts from this letter will be read with interest.

"I have already been often at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and for many hours each time. The latter I determined to see alone. Hereafter we shall have many a talk on the comparative merits of the two great men.

"Yesterday, I dined at half-past one, that I might remain till night in the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican, or rather in the chambers of Raphael, for, as you know, the former is part of the immense building.

"It often happens that first impressions are the truest—we change, and change, and then return to them again. I try to bring my mind in all the humility of truth, when estimating to myself the powers of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and again and again, the former 'bears down upon it,' to borrow a strong impression, 'with the compacted force of lightning.' The diffusion of truth and elegance, and often grandeur, cannot support itself against the compression of the sublime. There is something in that lofty abstraction; in those deities of intellect that people the Sistine Chapel, that converts the noblest personages of Raphael's drama into the audience of Michael Angelo, before whom you know that, equally with yourself, they would stand silent and awe-struck. Raphael never produced figures equal to the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo—the latter is miserably given in Gavin Hamilton's print—all its fine proportions lost,—though it is Milton's Eve, it is more the mother of mankind, and yet nothing is coarse or masculine, but all is elegant, as lines of the finest flower. You seem to forsake humanity in surrendering Raphael, but God gave the command to increase and multiply before the fall, and Michael Angelo's is the race that would then have been. But you must read Mr. Fuseli, his only critic. In both the Sistine Chapel and the rooms of Raphael, all, in too many parts in them, is ruin and decay; at least it appears so to me, who was not sufficiently prepared for the ravages of neglect and time."

Like many other artists, Lawrence could not resist the effects of the imposing grandeur of Michael Angelo's style, which compelled him, even against his feeling and judgement almost, to prefer that great master and gigantic genius to the divinely human Raphael.

Lawrence's account of his audience with the Pope is interesting and characteristic.

"I was introduced into a small closet, in which the Pope sat, behind the opening of the door, and after bending the knee was left alone with him. He has a fine countenance—stoops a little—with firm yet sweet-toned voice, and, as I believe, is within a year or two of eighty, and through all the storms of the past, he retains the jet black of his hair. I remained with him, I think, between seven and ten minutes, during which time he held my hand with a gentle pressure, from which I did not think it respectful to withdraw it. With a phrase or two of French, (which he does not like to speak,) and the rest in Italian, he spoke his sense of the Prince Regent's attention to him, and his gladness to gratify his wish, accompanying it with compliments to me. I then defectively expressed my gratitude and reverence, bent to kiss his hand, and retired.

"On going to the carriage, I found the maître d'hôtel of Cardinal Gonsalvi waiting to conduct me to apartments, which, amidst the pressure of business and full occupation of the palace by the Emperor and his suite, as well as by the Pope and Cardinals, his munificent care had provided for me in one part of it. They consist of four sitting-rooms, newly and handsomely furnished, bed-rooms, rooms for my servants, kitchen with its attendants, another servant; and, in addition to these comforts, a carriage is ready for me at all hours. I spent the last evening here, to write at more leisure this letter to my friend; but this morning my baggage went, and I dine in my new residence at four o'clock, giving up an engagement at the Duc de Bracciano's, (Torlonia, the great banker here,) that I may not appear slow to receive the bounty of His Holiness, or of his minister.

"The Cardinal is one of the finest subjects for a picture that I have ever had—a countenance of powerful intellect and great symmetry—his manners but too gracious, were not the attentions solely paid to the mission of the Prince Regent—the expression of every wish was pressed upon me, and the utterance of every complaint. The consul and myself were with him for full half an hour, sitting on his sofa with him, and at the close he accompanied us through the rooms to the door of the hall."

In a letter to Mr. Lysons, he writes,—

"Of Rome I can say nothing to you, but express fruitless wishes for your being here, and feelings of increased astonishment and admiration and affection for it, that its greatness and beauty demand from us. The remains of its earlier grandeur, are many of them on so vast a scale, and convey such an idea of power, and habitual notions of the magnificent and great, that they seem less exertions of men as they now are, than the equal and ordinary productions of another scale of being; their very pavement seems that of a race of giants, whilst the exceeding beauty of the hues and tints, and corresponding harmony of the sky, give a charm to the whole effect that divests it of every gloomy or depressing feeling, and fixes the mind in a state of the purest admiration that it is possible for it to enjoy."

He speaks merely of "Canova's beautiful Venus" as "his finest work." Of Tivoli, he says,

"Such a union of the highly and varied picturesque, the beautiful, grand, and sublime, in scenery and effect, I hardly imagined could exist. Like the Vatican and St. Peter's, it is infinitely beyond every conception I had formed of it, although so many fine pictures, by Gaspar and others, have been painted from it. The only person who, comparatively, could do it justice, would be Turner, who (*I write the true impression on my eye and on my mind*) approaches, in the highest beauties of his noble works, nearer to the fine lines of composition, to the effects, and exquisite combinations of colour, in the country through which I have passed, and that is now before me, than even Claude himself. I now speak the clear remembrance of those impressions, when frequently the comparison forced itself upon me."

He thus describes a visit to the Colosseum, by moonlight.

"The night coming on with singular beauty, I went with Prince Metter-

nich and his daughter, in their chariot, to the Colosseum. The moon was in her fullest splendor—the air as soft and balmy as Shakspear's

‘ Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.’

Two friends of the prince who followed us, made up the only party at this scene of solitary grandeur; and the entire stillness—the melting hues of these vast masses of ruin—for in the light they were exactly of the same equal force of tone with the sky, and separated only by colour and not gradation of strength—the broad and intense depth of the shadows—the terrific loftiness of part of the fabric, which seems unsupported, and remaining because spared by the elements—this accumulation of impressive circumstances, together with the solemn tranquillity of that interior, once resounding with the acclamations of the Roman people, at the most revolting moment of its dreadful exhibitions, but in the centre of which now stands a simple cross,—presented the most awful and sublime scene, unaccompanied with terror, that I, who am indeed but a young traveller, have ever witnessed.

“The small modern altars that are placed at regular distances, in the circle, have a bad effect when the eye glances on them; but the grandeur of the whole remains undiminished.

“The fine frescos of Raphaele are in a state of greater decay than I expected. Those of Domenichino, who is better seen here than at Bologna, are in more freshness and vigour; but some of them, I fear, have been touched.”

In a letter to Mr. Angerstein, he describes his lodgings at the palace of the Pope.

“I came post to Rome by the Forli Monte, avoiding both Venice and Florence, and sleeping out of my chaise but a few hours at Bologna. I arrived there about two in the morning, and at eight was in the Academy, looking at some fine pictures of Domenichino, and the Carracis, that I had seen at Paris. On the morning of the 11th, I first saw the dome of St. Peter's, and though, on entering the Porto del Popolo, the first impression was its looking neat and small, it has been since increasing in interest and grandeur with me every hour.

“On the third day after my arrival, I was presented by the British Consul to the Cardinal Gonsalvi, who received me in the most gracious manner; and on the next day I was presented to the Pope, who expressed himself deeply sensible of the Prince Regent's attention to him, and signified his acquiescence in his wishes. Amidst the hurry and almost entire occupation of the Quirinal Palace by the Pope himself, and their Imperial Majesties and suite, the Cardinal had been munificently provident for me; having assigned me most delightful apartments in a corridor of the palace, with a small terrace on the top, commanding a panoramic view of the whole city and Campagna. I have besides, in another part still nearer the centre of the palace, three rooms for my painting-room and pictures; (for I have brought several with me on the top of my carriage;) and the room in which I paint the Pope is a fine apartment, fitted up for Maria Louisa, and close to the rooms of His Holiness. A table, carriage, and servants, are likewise provided for me.

Speaking of the Borghese collection, he writes,—

"I have seen the Lionardo da Vinci—the 'Modesty and Vanity' mentioned by Mr. Day. It is an undoubted and fine picture, in most perfect preservation, (in this respect very fortunate,) and painted, I should think, in his best time; and yet, with all this, is so *very* low in tone, so dark, and the Vanity so far from handsome, that—although if you liked it, I would not *dissuade* you from buying it—at a distance from it, I cannot recommend it for an additional ornament to a collection, which has greatly increased in my estimation since my visit to the continent: there is a noble Raphaele in the Borghese, though in his second manner, that I would, but that is not to be sold. That Raphaele and the Diana, by Domenichino, stamp the Borghese as the first private collection in Rome, though Cardinal Fesch's is very rich, both in the Roman and Venetian school; and I am told in the Flemish, the whole of which I have not yet seen. Ah! there is a picture—there are *two, elsewhere*, that would indeed have adorned and crowned your collection; but I dare not advise their purchase to you, and (be entirely secret here, both you, dear Sir, and Mr. J. Angerstein,) I have not found in my heart to mention them to others. Tell Mr. J. Angerstein quietly to find out the present possessor of a picture, (a fine one,) called Corregio, and sold in Mr. Udney's sale, an 'Ecce Homo:' it is engraved by Ludovico Carraci. It is the original of that picture; and the other is the original of the Mercury teaching Cupid to read, in the Marquis of Stafford's gallery, by the same master. I had them both brought down for me, and placed by me in all lights, and know them to be most rare and precious. The first was sold by Mr. Day to its present owner. Be sure, dear Sir, to tell Mr. J. Angerstein and Mrs. John, if they can trace that picture, to see it, and tell you how they like it; and if *that* in character and expression be fine, (and I know her dear father would have pronounced it so,) tell them the original is *far before* it. It is a celestial work, and the other equally pure, of more celebrity, though in my opinion not demanding for its execution so penetrating and pathetic a genius.

"Colnaghi would get you a print of it (clumsy and gross as it is, compared with the noble work) under this title, Ludovico or Agostino Carraci's print of the 'Ecce Homo,' by Corregio. At present, the whole collection is not to be separated, and an offer has, I know, been made for these two of six thousand pounds, but perhaps not in immediate money. It does, I think, happen, that an article, whether picture or other object of value, that by its long celebrated and obvious excellence, seems to crown a collection, adds more to the general value of that collection than the amount of its purchase. Many and many anxious thoughts, *hours* of debates in my mind, have I had upon that picture; and (what never occurred in my life before) depending on the exertion of this one hand of mine, I have actually made the offer of a considerable sum to an agent if he ever brings that picture to England, and gives to me the refusal of it for three months, and I would exert myself to do so. Yet you not having it, it is better where it is, in hands distant from hence, *that once were royal*."

In another letter, to Mrs. Boucherette, he thus describes his feelings while at Rome.

"I become more and more charmed with Rome (rather a lady's phrase) as the period approaches when I must leave it. But there is a charm—a

spell of bewitching influence about it, that no other place of residence could have, were but our friends participating in our enjoyment. Its past greatness—the magnificent edifices of its more recent power—its treasures in art, and the climate, the sweet pure hues of atmosphere that seem to wrap everything in their own harmony, have influence on the feelings that makes even the Colosseum, with all its sublimity of ruin, an object of admiration, unmixed at the moment with one chilling or depressing thought; so sweetly are its hues, its strongest light or deepest shadow, still in unison with the heaven that gazes on it. (Don't think me too fanciful, Miss Emily, the thought is not mine, but Young's;

'While o'er his head the stars in silence glide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest.')

"Have you ever seen Rome from the top of the Villa Pamphili, in the evening sun of a fine day? You see grouped together, in small compass, three objects of great interest and beauty—Monte Mario, St. Peter's, and, in farthest distance, Soracte rears itself between them. Then, on the other side, you have all that the Alban hills command, with Tivoli, and its mountainous scenery, uniting the fine and various lines of horizon till they are stopped by the masses of the Vatican. I have this evening driven there alone, (having determined to be to myself this whole day,) and felt the exceeding beauty of the scene, with that undefined loneliness of delight which amounts almost to pain, formed, as it is, of many causes—thoughts of the past—of youth—and friends, and absence, which I think, when alone, the close of evening in the country always brings before us.

"I passed my morning for some hours in the Sestini Chapel and the Vatican; and having the finest light, I sent up, and procured an order to admit me to go round the top of the chapel in the narrow gallery, which possibly you may remember over the cornice. I thus saw the noble work with closer inspection, and therefore more advantage. With all your love of Raphael, my dear ladies, you must and shall believe in the superiority of that greater being, of whom in grateful, virtuous sincerity your painter himself said, 'I bless God that I live in the time of Michael Angelo.' Admired and popular as he was, it was fine, yet only *just* in him to say so; and from frequent comparison of their noble works, I am the more convinced of the entire veracity of Sir Joshua Reynolds's decision in favour of Michael Angelo. I am not used, I hope, to be presumptuous in my opinions about art, but, in my own mind, I think I *know* that Sir Joshua Reynolds *could not* have had another opinion on the subject.

"There are many able and judicious opponents to it, but I believe they would cease to be so on examination of the work itself, instead of viewing it in sterile and false copies, or exaggerated imitation. Amongst the imitators of Michael Angelo, I never include Mr. Fuseli, who, in all qualities of fine composition, is *entirely original*. Michael Angelo's line is often (I should say usually) *severely pure*.—Michael Angelo is often, and, in the *highest degree*, *elegant* in his forms and proportions—his Eve reaching at the apple is an example of it, and, in dignified beauty, has never been equalled by Raphael; whilst the awful and appropriate simplicity of his tone, and that breadth of light and shadow, so very finely described by Mr. Fuseli, (I mean in his whole account of this noble work—a masterpiece of elevated criticism,)

produce, altogether, an impression on the reason, as well as the imagination, against which all the variety and beauty, and sometimes grandeur, of Raphael, contend in vain. It is Hector against Achilles—you love him, but see that he must yield."

The following interesting remarks occur in a letter to Mr. Farington.

"Turner should come to Rome. His genius would here be supplied with materials, and entirely congenial with it. It is one proof of its influence on my mind, that, enchanted as I constantly am, whenever I go out, with the beauty of the hues, and forms of the buildings—with the grandeur of some, and variety of the picturesque in the masses of the ordinary buildings of this city—I am perpetually reminded of his pencil, and feel the sincerest regret that his powers should not be excited to their utmost force. He has an elegance, and often a greatness of invention, that wants a scene like this, for its free expansion; whilst the subtle harmony of this atmosphere, that wraps everything in its own milky sweetness—for it is colourless, compared with the skies of France and England, and more like the small Claude of Mr. Angerstein's and Lord Egremont's, though the latter has a slight tendency—has it not?—to heaviness—this blending, I say, of earth and heaven—can only be rendered, according to my belief, by the beauty of his tones. I must already have written the substance of this to you, as I have to Lysons; but my dwelling on the subject arises from no affectation or assumed feeling. It is a fact, that the country and scenes around me, *do* thus impress themselves upon me; and that Turner is always associated with them; Claude, though frequently, not so often; and Gaspar Poussin still less. You perceive my dread of displeasing you by the mention of another name; yet the sweetness of his colour is much nearer than Gaspar, and his composition is often fine. He was a man of distinguished genius, and therefore worthy of the affection and admiration of his pupil. I seem to do injustice to Mr. Callcott by not mentioning him as an artist highly worthy of the enjoyment of this scene; but I think he himself is generally ready to yield the palm to Mr. Turner, and therefore will not be offended at the exclusive preference that my pen has shown. In viewing the magnificence around me in these delightful evenings, I cannot have you and Mr. West to participate in the pleasure; and it is an irksome and unquiet state of the mind, when it cannot communicate its feelings, or rather have them accurately understood; but I have had the next best thing to the companionship of knowledge, the society of real lovers of nature, and possessing great sensibility to its beauties. This praise of them is open to suspicion of its cause, from their being persons of high rank; and that circumstance was not likely to diminish the pleasure. Ah, unless when wounded by disappointment, a little feel its influence, and it is part of the course of nature that they should. The person next to you two and Mr. Turner, whose mind and eye would be most in unison with mine, in the contemplation of these effects and scenes, would be a lady—would be Mrs. Wolff, to whose friendship, with that of Miss Crofts, I am indebted for that arrangement of my pictures, which you mention in your letter. To you three I am under more obligation, for just and nice criticism on my works, and (I hope) for consequent improvement of them, than to any other friends. Be not offended, grave and experienced artist, that I place a female with you. There is sometimes a nice taste and quickness of

perception in woman, that supplies the place of labour and study; and where it is accompanied by a sound and clear understanding, may be resorted to with great advantage."

In this letter he speaks with just pride of the compliment paid him by the Pope.

"The Pope has sat to me eight times, and probably I may require two more sittings from him for the figure part, which is already painted. Though, in public, appearing to bend under the weight of his dress, and the fatigue of ceremonies, and with real infirmities of age and sickness, he has still a cheerfulness of spirit and activity of mind, that bear up against them, of which I can give you a little instance. The chair in which he sits is on a sort of throne, and in ascending this he is generally assisted. On Saturday last, he was sitting to me for the hand, and it struck me that the ring he had on could not be the same that is always placed on the finger of the Pope when he is elected. I mentioned my doubt, when His Holiness immediately acknowledged that it was not, and said he would go to his chamber and fetch it, if I wished to introduce it. I could not deny the wish, although humbly protesting against obtaining it by fatigue to him. His Maestro de Camera, and two or three prelates were round him, each anxious to save him the trouble, but their remonstrances and supplications were in vain; he got down from the throne, went to his room, and brought it. It is true, that his suite and attendants were spared the trouble by this action, which doubtless sprang from habitual good nature—but it was likewise to assist me in the progress of my work; and I have almost a right to class it with the Emperor of Russia stooping to put the pegs into my easel, and then with me lifting the picture on it. This latter circumstance quite equals Charles the Fifth taking up the pencil for Titian, and the only trifling thing wanting to the parallel is, that I should be a Titian. This omission, however, I cannot help, or certainly I would. I forget what critic it is who says, 'a simile should not go on all fours.'"

We have already quoted so largely from these interesting letters, (though there is much that is worthy of perusal which we have not extracted,) that we must confine ourselves to those parts of his letters which are of particular importance, as illustrating his feelings, and bearing on the subject of art.

"Tell Mr. West," he writes, "that I was greatly impressed at Naples with the fine picture which, in the print, I have always admired, of the dead Saviour, in the church of San Martino, by Spagnoletto. It deserves to be placed in the same room with the Transfiguration, Domenichino's St. Jerome, Daniel da Volterra's pictures, &c.

"Naples is very rich in works of art; there are fine pictures in the Studio, good statues, magnificent bronzes."

The following criticism of Lawrence's whole length-portrait of the George IV. in his coronation robes, painted for the Pope, will be read with interest.

"Agreeably, as I understood, to your request, Camucini read to the

Pope, &c. a passage in your letter, in which you mention His Majesty's commands to have his lower extremities literally copied. This circumstance being generally known, and having been considered as a depreciation of criticism, fastidiousness has fastened on the vulnerable part, and some have set down the smallness of the feet and ancles, 'as a fault on the right side.' Next, it is said, 'that the ear is too low—that the figure is very broad, (having plenty of drapery across the shoulders);' and then, said a Frenchman, 'he (the artist) seems to laugh at the *literal truth*.' Alluding, I suppose, to the king standing in his robes any where but near his throne, as well as to all those liberties in effect and execution, by which general probability is made to supersede particular truth. A German (you know the German taste) told me, he had no patience with people who could search for trifling faults in drawing, if they existed at all, 'while contemplating such an enchanting effect.' And the same Frenchman I have quoted above, said, he never saw a finer specimen of the *brilliant*, in painting. The head (must I except the drawing of the ear, to be consistent?) is said, *by all*, to be a masterpiece of colour and execution, and no word, I can find, can do justice to the admiration I have heard of the dress and ornaments. Five or six different tones of white are reckoned among the silks, satins, silvers, and ermines, all pure, yet 'each giving each a double charm.' I cannot remain silent myself on this subject, because it is to an artist so conspicuous an excellence in the work. It is a fine principle to have a warm and cold colour of the *same kind* in a picture. The Venetians even give us warm and cold blues together. The agreeable effect this produces, is very like the same air played in different keys in music. The sparkle of the crown is another wonder that is dwelt on, and you will be pleased with the remark of a very intelligent person, viz. that the whole picture emulated that corner, and that the diamonds were the *key* of the effect. The Frenchman was certainly correct in his expression of *brilliant*, as expressive of the general character of the effect. The English artists here think it one of your very best works, and are unbounded in their delight and admiration. They admire—and this is a general opinion—the dignity without strut, which the figure displays; and the action of the hand, they say, is regal as well as novel; but nothing has escaped unpraised by your countrymen, even to the light and sparkle of the sky and landscape.

"A great number of applications have already been made by Italians to copy the picture; so many, in short, that it has been found necessary to be very select in giving permissions; for, as Camucini justly observed, he must be a clever artist who could make a tolerable copy of such a picture, without much previous practice in the same way. When first I saw the picture, it was without a frame; and when I saw it in one, I found that it was absolutely necessary to its complete effect. Its general colours are red, blue and white; the gold frame balances these, and forms a principal mass to the otherwise too small portions of positive yellow in the picture. It is this predominance of blue and white (without being cold) which gives that gemmy freshness to the whole—a quality not very compatible, as I should conceive, with *yellow*. The frame, therefore, is the best place for it. I have now said enough. I

have anxiously looked for faults with others' eyes, and should fill this twice over, if I were to enumerate the beauties they have discovered. England is indebted to you for establishing on the continent a high reputation for the British school."

This remark upon the effect of the frame is an evidence of the care and nicety with which Sir Thomas calculated upon the effects of his pictures, and made these incidental circumstances to aid in carrying his designs into effect.

The following account of the impression made by Lawrence in Rome is only one of numerous testimonials of his elegant manners.

"Rome, January 20th, 1820.

"I have already told you, that we have recently seen here quite a constellation of English talent. Lawrence, Turner, Jackson, Chantry, and Moore—to say nothing of a milky way of secondary geniuses. The first-named (Lawrence) has made a sensation beyond description. You will see a proof of the likelihood of this in the works he has taken over with him: but you cannot figure to yourself the effect here of the contrast they presented to the cold, insipid, weak things of the present school of Rome. To the Italians he seemed to introduce a new art, and he gave them all plenty of opportunity to see not only his works, but his manner of working, by leaving them freely open to inspection in all their different stages. With great liberality, and an utter absence of quackery and affectation, he admitted the public, without distinction or exception, between each sitting, into the room where his pictures were. He was regarded as a superior being, and a wonder, as indeed he was here. His elegant manners made him so many friends, and these and his talents procured him so many distinctions, that he could scarcely prevail on himself to quit the place. He lingered in it much longer than he intended, and his broken resolutions excited the ridicule of those who had not the same temptations to break theirs. Lawrence has declared that Rome supplies the test of the painter and the poet. It has, I believe, inspired him with 'high resolves,' which I hope his return to London will not dissipate. His portraits of the sovereigns, &c. you will see; but one small work which he has left here, exceeds, in the estimation of every body, all that he has done beside, without exception. It is the head of Canova, which he did in London, entirely repainted, and it may now be cited as the most poetical, elegant, enthusiastic delineation of acute genius, without flattery, that has ever been executed. Its animation is beyond all praise. '*Per Baccho, che uomo e questo!*' I heard Canova cry out when it was mentioned. And then the effect of the whole exceeds even the Emperor's. Crimson velvet, and damask, and gold, and precious marble, and fur, are the materials which he has worked up to astonishing brilliancy, without violating good taste, or the truth of nature. This painting is a present to His Holiness, and a noble one it is."

Of Bologna, he writes to Mr. Farington,—

"I set off on Monday last for Bologna, with Holman by my side, still unwell; and travelling in dreadful weather, we got here in the middle of the night. The next day I went to the Academy, where the finest pictures are placed, (many of Domenichino's, Guidos', and the Carraccis', which were at Paris,) and there I had occasion, on long examination, to think that I had not before sufficiently admired them. Tell Mr. West, that I more acknowledge the high merit of the 'Martyrdom of St. Agnes' than I did, in considering merely the composition of it; and great part of that is very fine indeed. The pictures he copied in Italy were all of first-rate excellence. The Cardinal, by Vandyke, a noble picture. The Bolognese school is, in my opinion, far superior to the Florentine, which, with a few exceptions, is all learned distortion, apathy, and falsehood. By apathy, I mean total absence of the passions and feelings—and by falsehood, actions improper to the sense and incident, and, in some, impossible to the human frame—Michael Angelo, its great founder, as a painter, must be still excepted—my opinion of him remains unaltered. It was, besides, your great friend's faith—(I read you with great pleasure at Florence)—and I must always, from deep impression, fairly and frequently tried, believe it to be the true one. But the Bolognese, and all their school, yield to the Lombard, to the great man whose works I have been contemplating at Parma. I got there early on Wednesday, and spent the whole day in the Academy, the Cathedral and other places, where his works and those of Parmegianino are to be seen. The next morning I went again, twice, to look at the Cupola from those small arches, (Mr. Thomson knows them,) and four times I went on long visits to the St. Jerome, his finest work. How beautiful, how devoid of everything like the handicraft of art it is—the largeness, and yet ingenuity of its effect—the purity of its colour—the truth, yet refinement and elegance of the action, particularly of the hands (in which he peculiarly excels); and then, a lesson to all high-minded slovens, the patient vigilance with which the whole is linked together, by touches, in some instances small almost as miniature, but like the sparkling of water. The touches of flowers, herbs, stones, in Claude, carry on the general harmony, by the most agreeable forms and shapes. I am going now to see the splendors of Venetian art. I know what will be the impression on my senses and my mind, which ought not to resist the noble daring of their inventions, and various combinations of rich colour; but that reverence for the perfection of nature and of truth, (by which I mean the best of each, and which I see in Raphaele, Correggio, Titian, and Sir Joshua Reynolds,) cannot be shaken by the luxuriant falsehood, even when united with the genius of Paulo Veronese and Tintoretto; and though Rubens (perhaps a greater genius) is not forgotten by me, I shall still bend to these four, with the acknowledged benefactor of the first as the head of all. How fine was our Sir Joshua! How we know him now, when we see the sources of his greatness, and remember how often he surpassed their usual labours; and in his own country, and in Europe, against prejudice and ignorance, how firmly and alone he stood."

This speaks highly for the refinement, sense, and sensibility of Lawrence's taste, and is an excellent confirmation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's.

Of Julio Romano, he says,—

"I have seen the noble inventions, and in some instances finely coloured frescos of Julio Romano—finely coloured for the grandeur of their subjects. It is such a body of high poetic composition, as I think I never saw in painting but in the Sistine Chapel; and there not with so much fancy. The latter indeed would have been there misplaced. The Cupid and Psyche of Julio Romano, is a work of more sublimity of thought than Raphael's; and his Homer is very grand."

On the 30th of March 1820, Lawrence returned to England, and on his arrival he heard of the death of the President West, and of the intention of the Academy to elect him to the vacant chair; upon his succession to which, the King, as a mark of esteem, conferred upon him not only the honour of knighthood but also the gold medal and chain to be worn by all future Presidents of the Academy.

The following anecdote of his quiet rebuke of the presumption and ignorance of a Scotch gentleman, in abusing loudly some portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is characteristic.

"Sir Thomas heard this evidently with some impatience. At length he went up to him, and in an apparently cool manner, said, 'Sir, allow me to tell you, that those pictures which you have abused, no man now alive in Europe can produce—they are excellent. I say this to you in kindness, that you may not again commit yourself in a public room, by such unfounded opinions.' And after a pause, he added, 'My name is Lawrence.' This silenced the gentleman, who was not long in making his retreat from the room."

In a letter to an Irish artist, he writes,—

"I thank you for your obliging attention in sending me the list of artists, and now proceed to answer your inquiry respecting the palette. My advice certainly is, that you should not mix up *tints* upon it. Blend them, for your immediate purpose, with the pencil. In my earlier practice, I did the former; but you have the very highest authority for the latter—that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose palette was very simple.

"Remember, on all occasions, the certain obvious truth, that light and colour should go together, shadow and the absence of it. Ninety-nine times out of the hundred, the preponderance of colour on the shadow side of your picture is falsehood and defect; and colour must likewise be placed, not only on the side of the light, but in its general stream and direction. It is no answer that in the next fine picture of an old master you may find an exception to the rule. In *him* believe it false; for in few of the old masters do you find this truth observed, but in the highest of them—in his best works you do. Raphael was not only the phenomenon, but the philosopher of his art, and his judgment was even greater than his genius."

This little piece of information is of value, not only as coming from Lawrence, but for its truth.

Mr. Williams gives detailed accounts of the pictures contributed by Lawrence to the successive exhibitions of the Royal Academy, with criticisms of his own and some from the papers of the day, upon the most prominent: these, interspersed with anecdotes and letters interesting, but of secondary importance, occupy the remainder of the volume, with the exception of the closing scene of Lawrence's life. Among the letters are several notes to Mr. Peel, with whom he dined a day or two previous to his decease. Mr. Williams says,—

"At this period (December 1829), the toils of this eminent man were incessant, and he felt them severely. Although, perhaps, even more acute observers among his friends assert, that they saw no difference in his appearance, and that he seemed in his usual good health, it was evident to the writer of this biography, that he betrayed symptoms, if not of organic disease, at least of an exhausted temperament. His complexion became unhealthy and soddened, and he seemed almost always disposed to drowsiness. He was constantly comatose, until roused by some application to his attention, when the usual benevolent intelligence beamed in his looks, and his smile was seraphic.

"He had no idea of anything being the matter with him, and all he complained of was the incessant toils of his profession, and that he was exhausted by his exertions. Even of temporary, much less of chronic disease, he had no suspicion.

"It was no alleviation to his cares, that his beloved sister was at this time labouring under a fit of illness, which seemed to baffle science, and destroy all hope of her recovery. His anxiety for her amendment, and his sorrow at her sufferings, were excessive."

In a letter to his sister he thus expresses himself, "I am chained to the oar; but painting was never less inviting to me—business never more oppressive."

"But," says his biographer, "amidst conflicting cares and the harassing disquietudes of ill health, he never became morose, petulant, or selfish." The following letter describes the appearance of Sir Thomas Lawrence at almost the last house where he dined.

"The last time I saw Sir Thomas Lawrence was on the 24th of December, 1829; he dined with me, and it was his request that no person should be invited to meet him; he has frequently asked me to receive him in this way. On this occasion, he was more than ordinarily communicative; and it was evident to me, he had no thoughts that his dissolution would take place at an early period. Indeed, he said, that from the *regularity* of his living, and the care which he took of his health, he thought he might attain old age. He spoke with candour of his pecuniary circumstances, told me his age, and requested I would inform him

what annual sum he must pay if he insured his life for three thousand pounds; which I accordingly did. It was his intention to have done this on the *Friday*, but he died the *Thursday* previously.

"He appeared, during the whole day, to be in good health, although, to my eye, his countenance was rather more pallid than usual; but his spirits were good. He remained with me till 12 o'clock. Our conversation ran chiefly on the fine arts; and sometimes he recurred to the memory of a common friend, Fuseli.

"The only complaint which he made was, that his eyes and forehead became heated of an evening, and he requested cold water, and a towel to bathe them, which, however, I have seen him do on former occasions."

He was always remarkably pale, and that paleness was of a peculiar character. A lady of discernment, who met him in company, observed,—

"I thought I never saw any body look so pale, to be in health—yet so very handsome. When we could catch him without the animation that lights him when speaking, he looks like a marble statue, with the lips and eyes only tinted. I cannot think but that he applies much too closely for his health, and indeed that he cannot be quite well, whatever he may say. His gaze made me melancholy when sitting opposite to him in the evening: to my idea, there never was so much sweetness, and benignity, and gentleness expressed in any countenance, where also so much genius, and brilliant animation, and such forcible and searching inquiry, are depicted."

We must find room for Miss Croft's journal of the last week of his existence; it possesses a melancholy interest.

"On (Thursday) the 31st of December (1829), after an absence of ten days, I returned to London, and found Sir Thomas, apparently as well as usual, and kindly congratulating himself on his having me again near him. On New Year's day (Friday), not hearing from him in the morning as usual, (for he constantly wrote me word of his plans for the day,) I called about three o'clock, to wish him years of continued happiness, and learned that he was engaged with a sitter. The servant said, he must not let me go, without informing his master; and he brought me word that Lord Seaford having been later than his appointment, he had not a minute of day-light to spare, but would write to me before dinner. Soon after four, he surprised me by calling in Devonshire-street; and I told him I was hardly glad to see him walking out so late. He replied that he was carefully wrapt up, and could not bear to do less than come, having so inhospitably sent me away from his door. He added, 'if I catch cold, don't you take the blame of it, for I have been standing in the street this morning before the Athenæum.' He said he was going to have Mr. Mulready to dine with him; and, as he afterwards told me, Mrs. Ottley and her children to pass the evening with him."

"We have seen, by his letter to Mr. Peel, that upon this day he was likewise employed in retouching the portrait of Mr. Canning. Miss Croft continues—

"On Saturday (2nd of January), I called to ask the loan of his car-

riage, and was greatly struck by his pallid countenance. He said he had been very ill most of the preceding night with acute pains of his stomach, which had commenced round his jaws and throat; that he had been obliged to ring for his servant, and had tried several simple remedies; that towards morning, the pain had subsided, and allowed him to get some sleep. He added, that, for thirty years, he had not passed such a night, or breakfasted at the late hour of eleven; 'and, instead of murmuring, (said he,) I ought to bless God for such a season of uninterrupted health.' I asked him if he had sent for Dr. Holland; and he answered, 'O yes! for I must, if it be possible, fulfil an engagement to dine with Mr. Peel to-day.' He said it would give him great concern to do otherwise; and he added, pointing to his noble likeness of Mr. Canning, upon the easel, 'There seems a fatality attending that picture, for the first time I sent it home, in June last, I was prevented dining with Mr. Peel, by a deeper calamity, which you shared with me.' He expressed great pleasure in a visit from Mr. Peel the preceding day, and represented him as much pleased with the picture, and as having said that he felt dissatisfied when Sir Thomas's pencil was not employed in some way for him; and added, that Mr. Peel had kindly and flatteringly expressed an earnest wish that he should paint his own portrait for him. I found him more cheerful, and taking his coffee, as usual, about two o'clock. He told me Dr. Holland considered it to be an attack of the stomach—had, of course, written for him, and had given him leave to go to Mr. Peel's, on condition of his being careful as to what he should eat and drink.

"On his return from Mr. Peel's, about half-past ten at night, he complained only of being rather fatigued. Sunday morning he told me he had slept comfortably, and felt no other remains of his illness, than a general soreness all over his chest and stomach. He then said I must dine with him. I observed it would fatigue him less to be alone. He smiled, and said, with a formal friend, that might be the case; but with one in whose presence he had so often leant back in his chair, for his ten minutes' doze, it could produce nothing but comfort.'

"That evening the lady says, she met Mr. Keightley and Mr. Herman Wolff at his house, and that 'she passed one of those delightful, and never to be forgotten evenings,' of which it has been my pride and happiness to partake, in common with other intimate friends, as often as three times a-week for the last three months. He complained of feeling weak, and looked extremely pale: he complained of pain in his jaws; and Mr. Keightley suggesting it might arise from teeth, went out and fetched him ether and laudanum, both of which he applied, and the next day went to Mr. Cartwright (the dentist), but no such mischief could be discovered. In the course of this evening, he gave the finishing touches to a proof engraving from the beautiful drawing which he did for me in 1812, of Mrs. Wolff, with the boy and dog; and expressed great pleasure at the way in which Mr. Bromley had executed it—the eye in particular.

"I saw him twice on Monday, and the same on Tuesday, when he went out in his carriage, and painted on the portrait of His Majesty, very anxiously desiring its completion, as it was, he said, to go to Russia.

He was in better spirits on Tuesday, and told us more than one interesting and memorable anecdote, in his usual impressive and elegant language. One of these related to the pride and arrogance he had experienced some time back from a reverend prelate—and this led him to an instance of rare humility in Dr. Tracy, Bishop of —, afterwards Lord Tracy. It was early in his career, while living, I think, in Bond-street, that the bishop had fixed a sitting as early in the day as eleven o'clock. Mr. Lawrence's friend, Mr. Charles Moore, brother to Sir John Moore, called in; and being a man of wit, and of the most delightful conversation, time flew with the young friends; and at nearly one o'clock, the bishop was only recollected by his want of punctuality. On Mr. Moore's going away, their consternation was great, to find the bishop over a poor fire, in the outer room, where he owned he had been more than an hour, having interdicted the servant from breaking up what he called so joyous a *tête-a-tête*.

“ ‘ Wednesday (6th), morning.

“ ‘ I saw him early, and he complained of a slight return of his pain, not during the night, but when he arose, at his usual early hour, to let his servant in. He returned to his bed, and did not rise again till late.

“ ‘ After sending for Dr. Holland,’ the lady continues, ‘ I remained with him as long as his unceasing avocations would permit; and we had much conversation as to the nature of his complaint, which he seemed to dread should be what was called stomach disease. I enumerated many of our mutual friends, who had suffered long, and were now restored to perfect health, and capable of arduous professions. He said, ‘ You and I, dear friend, view this subject in very different lights; you are trying to prove to me how long people may suffer and drag on a miserable existence, while I consider that a sharper and a shorter struggle is more to be desired; yet,’ he added, ‘ I am the last who ought to murmur, blest as I have been with almost uninterrupted health.’ He then made an effort to rouse himself to exertion, and painted nearly an hour, on His Majesty's portrait*. Are you not tired, I asked him, of painting on those eternal robes of the Bath (Garter)?—He replied, ‘ No, I always find variety in them.’—What then do you mean, that the pictures are not all precisely alike?—‘ In outline precisely, but not in detail; for if you could compare them, I hope you would find the last was still the best.’ I reminded him of my having been written to by a friend in Ireland, to apprise him, that his picture of the King was about to be improved by an Irish artist, in consequence of his having neglected to finish the lower part, the left leg in particular! He smiled at the recollection, and said, ‘ Yes, I took care to prevent that friendly effort.’ I left him for a couple of hours, and returned, after he had seen Dr. Holland, by whose visit he seemed cheered.

“ ‘ I ordered his dinner for him, &c. &c. . . . I went at half after nine, and, I may say, providentially, for he had the intention of going to the Athenæum; and had his great-coat hanging before the fire. He seemed pleased to see us; he complained a good deal of distressing sensations, and feared his pain was returning. Mr. Keightley assisted him by lifting a portfolio, containing the engravings of Miss Kemble, which he

* His efforts were directed to the finishing of the left sleeve.

owned he had been looking wistfully at, and felt too listless to remove. He then directed and folded one for Lady Trotter, and gave me another for my friend Mrs. Baillie. These were the last acts of affectionate kindness of this sort that he performed. I asked whether he felt that his dinner had disagreed with him, and what he had drunk with it?—He replied, 'Only toast and water,' and I then proposed his trying a little weak brandy and water. He seemed pleased at the proposal, saying, 'that the few times of his life he had tried brandy, it had always been with so happy effect as to make him fear growing fond of it.' Finding he had no good brandy in the house, we came away, taking one of his servants, to fetch him a bottle from Mr. Keightley's chambers. This was nearly eleven o'clock, and his valet says, he found him standing before the fire at half-past eleven, when he rang to have his bed warmed.

"He complained while undressing, but Jean tried to hasten him into bed, but his sufferings became so acute as to prevent his being able to lie down. Jean gave him his medicine, but he soon expressed anxiety to have some new prescription from Dr. Holland. Jean went off instantly and brought back a prescription, but, by this time, his illness had so rapidly increased, that he expressed a little impatient anxiety to see Dr. Holland. His faithful attendant set off a second time, after calling up another servant, and by the time he returned it was nearly two o'clock. Dr. Holland found him in a very alarming state, with scarcely any pulse at the wrist till after he had lost sixteen ounces of blood. Leeches were applied to his right side, with fomentations, and powerful medicines, with good effect; but Dr. Holland never left him till between nine and ten on Thursday (7th) morning, purposing to return at eleven with Sir Henry Halford.

"The servants fetched me as soon as Dr. Holland quitted him; and I found him, for the first time, in a sick chamber. I was appalled by the change of his countenance, and of the still remaining difficulty of breathing, though he assured me that was greatly relieved. Again I left him when the doctors were expected; but my agitation and alarm were such, that I returned to see Dr. Holland, if possible. He very reluctantly gave answer to my inquiries, saying, that Sir Thomas had particularly enjoined him not to give publicity to his illness. On my mentioning that I was commissioned by Sir Thomas to write to his only surviving sister, he advised me to say, that he had found him seriously ill in the preceding night, but that the remedies, especially a second bleeding, which had just taken place at the arm, had greatly relieved him.

"I was, however, so earnestly requested by Sir Thomas not to mention this second bleeding, and still less the second physician, that, fearing he should ask to see the letter, I wrote under the restrictions he enjoined.

"Sir Henry Halford being engaged at Windsor, came to town by accident, and saw him at four o'clock, when he approved of all that had been done, and merely ordered a more active cathartic.

"... At half after six o'clock, his servant came to me, to say that his master was much better, and wished to see Mr. Keightley and me immediately, and that if I could not go, he begged that Mr. Keightley would.

"... We found him evidently relieved in breathing and in every

other respect. He was pleased at having seen Sir Henry Halford, and spoke in a stronger and more cheerful tone.

"He seemed to like his tea, and ate some dry toast with it. When Mr. Keightley came up, Sir Thomas said, 'Now I want you to read me something from this book,' directing him to the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, for January 1830, containing Mr. Thomas Campbell's answer to the critique, in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Flaxman's Lectures, and Sculpture.

"As he began to read, Sir Thomas put out his hand to me, as I sat close beside him. I did not see it, till he gently touched my knee, and I then pressed his hand between mine, which friendly grasp he ardently returned,—and this was the last mark of his long-tried affection.

"Just before, he had spoken of the tender care of his servant, Jean Duts, with great gratitude: I observed that Jean's countenance at the door always told me how I should find him. He was quite affected at this.

"Mr. Keightley read for about a quarter of an hour, when Sir Thomas begged we would leave the room, and send Jean to him, and no one else. In about ten minutes we heard hurried steps in the passage, and found that, in moving, his arm had bled again. The apothecary was fetched to replace the bandage. The loss of blood was immaterial, but the effect of the medicine brought on faintness; and on being applied to for a fan, I advised the use of *sal-volatile*, which was immediately given.

"I had only got half up stairs, when I heard the most dreadful cries of distress from poor Jean, in consequence of his master slipping off the chair, on a cushion, which was before him; and rather stretching himself out, he undoubtedly breathed his last at that moment, supported only by his faithful attendant."

"Thus," says his biographer, "died this eminent and excellent man; leaving to his family and friends, a memory tenderly beloved; to his country the glory of his name, and to mankind his works—inexhaustible sources of social kindness and refined pleasures. The last words he had uttered were, 'Jean, my good fellow, this is dying.' 'Oh! no, Sir,' replied the afflicted servant, 'it is only fainting.'"

His death was at first attributed to ossification of the heart; but it is now considered that depletion of the blood-vessels was the immediate cause, and nervous debility.

His remains were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral, near those of his predecessors, Presidents West and Reynolds; and the funeral, which was a public one, was attended by the members and students of the Royal Academy, by other artists of eminence, and by several of the nobility and gentry, numbers of whose carriages followed in procession.

Sir Thomas left behind him an extensive and unrivalled collection of drawings, by the old masters, which he had purchased at a vast expense. These he directed should be offered first to the King (Geo. IV.) for 18,000*l.*, and if not purchased by His Majesty, successively to the

British Museum, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Dudley. None of these offers having been accepted, the collection will probably be scattered, as they are directed to be sold in lots, if a purchaser for them at 20,000*l.* shall not previously be found. The Royal Academy are not, we fear, in circumstances to justify the outlay of so large a sum, even for such an invaluable prize. His collection of architectural casts he directs to be offered to the Academy for 250*l.*, and we hope this offer will be accepted; our architects are sadly in want of good models. His splendid service of Sevres china he bequeathes to the Royal Academy, and was used at their last annual dinner. The rest of his property he directs to be sold for the benefit of his family and the payment of his debts. "The produce of such parts of his collections of works of art as were sold by auction, amount," says his biographer, "to 15,445*l.* The estate was about equal to the demands upon it."

The exhibition of the portraits of the allied sovereigns, and other eminent personages, at the British Institution, realised to his family about 3000*l.* His unfinished paintings and drawings were sold by Christie, on the 18th of last month, and fetched very good prices.

The announcement of another *Life of Lawrence* renders unnecessary, for the present, many remarks which we were disposed to have made upon the deficiencies of the present work; we need only say, that *Lawrence's Biography* yet remains to be written. Mr. Williams has brought together a variety of valuable materials, consisting principally of letters and documents, but these are far from comprising all of this description that are in existence. Of his personal history little is brought forward, with the exception of what his letters supply. Mr. Williams indeed seems to have been unsuccessful in his inquiries after even these; and of *Lawrence* personally he appears to have known nothing. We regret that the task of writing the biography of *Lawrence* should have been divided, because both books must of necessity be incomplete; but we should have regretted much more that this imperfect and ill-digested *Life* should have been the only record of the talents and good qualities of *Lawrence* as a man,—as a painter his works are his best eulogium.

One deficiency we sensibly feel in perusing these volumes, and that is the very scanty information relative to art. A life of a great painter, with this subject omitted except by casual notice, business-like enumeration of paintings, and common-place criticism, is an anomaly. We have but a very few remarks of *Lawrence* on art; and, excepting one instance, we have no account of his method of painting, the progress of his works, or any of that valuable matter so interesting and

useful to the artist, and for which he looks in the writings and biographies of eminent painters.

DOGMAS ON ART.—No. IV.

ON THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST.

WE endeavoured in our last to distinguish Genius from Talent for Art, by defining Talent to be the mere indications of latent physical ability; and Genius to be the mental power, the impulse to exercise it, an intellectual predisposition arising from a fitness of understanding and a liveliness of the imaginative faculty directed towards and assisted by the sense of vision.

Supposing therefore a youth to possess either of these innate qualifications, which will most probably have been developed more or less by circumstances, we shall now set forth the course of education which is requisite to unfold these germs and to mature these fruits of nature. This course of education should be twofold; the one technical and physical; the other general and mental, which we shall consider in this present essay—reserving the former for consideration under the head of “Practice of Art.” Knowledge is to the mind what aliment is to the body, and is productive of wisdom as that is of strength. But as no one who has regard to health eats indiscriminately, so none but those who disregard the vigour of understanding will read indiscriminately. Selection of subjects and of books is as necessary as a choice of food or of friends and acquaintance. Poetry, history, biography, works of fiction, will be obviously the chief aliment of the artist, and he will study the best writers on Art. Of these latter the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds will be his text-book, while the Lectures of Barry, Opie, Fuseli, Flaxman, &c., the Essays of Richardson, and the works of Mengs, Lio. da Vinci, Vasari, Sismondi, &c., all of which have been translated into English, will demand and repay tenfold his study. In the realm of fiction he may wander at will where his fancy leads him; but any work, or part of a work, which he proposes to illustrate by designs, he will require to read very carefully, in order not only to understand and sympathise with the feelings of the story and the characters, but to understand the author’s intention in describing them, that he may give to them full and proper effect. He should endeavour to view the scene and the characters through the author’s description, that his fancy may be swayed by the imagination of the inventor of them, and that he may

see with *his* perceptions, and understand according to *his* impressions. This gives to the delineations of ideal persons an identity with the description which impresses the sense of the reader in proportion to the fidelity of the representations, as Hilton gives effect to the descriptions of Spencer, or Leslie to the scenes of Shakespeare. If, on the contrary, the artist only drinks of the stream of song to excite his own fancy, he will not be illustrating the book but embodying his own imaginings, as another author would tell the same story in a different manner and in different words. Of this class was Fuseli, who ran riot in extravagancies and distortions more nearly resembling the phantasms of a dream or of a disordered imagination than personifications of ideal persons or characters. But many artists fail for a very opposite reason, the negative of this, viz. for want of vigour of intellect, from feebleness of perception, effeminacy of understanding, or poverty of invention. The most heart-stirring incidents, the most naturally beautiful characters fail of impressing upon the retina of their "mind's eye" the scene or the person so vividly described. The most that they can perceive is some obscure and confused impression fading and fleeting like reflections in a camera, though more dim and less defined than they; while over the mind of some morbid man the characters cast fearful and ill-defined shadows which he can neither grasp nor embody in form. These are such who with sensitive minds and active fancy have feeble faculties and whose imaginations are destitute of vigour, and who want the power of controlling their sensations.

If all these difficulties are felt in reducing to a palpable shape and external semblance the ideal creations of the brain, they are no less formidable in portraying the expression and lineaments of historical characters, with whose features we are made acquainted by means of portraiture. The necessity for uniting the real with the ideal in historical design, blending with the ordinary features of an individual and the quaint costume of by-gone times the added dignity which distance of time, national glory, public virtue, and fame have imparted to the event and the characters, renders historical composition as high, noble and difficult in art to the painter, as dramatic writing is to the poet. The imagination, taste and feeling are trammelled by imperious circumstances, and the minute research and reality of the antiquary must be blended with the lofty and ideal view of the poet, and the dignity, truth and reflection of the historian. This is the way in which any historical subject should be viewed by the truly great painter. And a young artist possessed of genius and talent, who has studied his art theoretically as well as practically; who has enriched his mind with

the refined gold of history, his fancy with the bright visions of poesy, and his understanding with the gems of truth and philosophy, will view his subject in this light, and paint it in a style worthy of the event, of his refined taste, his lofty feeling, and his sound intelligence. The grandeur of his composition and expression will consist not merely in the art but in the nature of the subject. He will not produce a common-place design, decked out in all the resources of art, the wealth of colour and the charms of effect; but a picture, the mere naked drawing of which should be informed with vigour, truth and dignity, and which would impress the mind, through the feelings and understanding, by the force of the composition and expression alone; to which the adornments of art would lend an added beauty.

To such an artist the histories of Gibbon, of Hume, the old chroniclers, the pages of Plutarch, Livy and Herodotus, would be mines of wealth inexhaustible. The Bible, that most ancient of books, in which are united the military, civil, domestic, and individual histories of the early times, abounds with store of fine subjects; which, though it has been resorted to by all painters since the Christian era, is only deemed exhausted in the choice of artists, who repeat subjects which have been painted before, instead of choosing those that have been passed over. As we propose to treat of this part of the subject more at large under its proper head, we shall not here pursue it further, having introduced it only with a view to illustrate the necessity of reading and study on the part of the young artist.

The improvement of the mental and bodily perceptions of the student will be simultaneous. His feeling and imagination, taste and fancy, understanding and judgement, will progress in an equal degree, by means of a liberal and well directed course of study, of which reading and reflection are only a part, though an essential and important one. As external nature contains all that world of objects which an artist may be called upon to imitate, (for even in the representation of ideal beings, such as angels, spirits and the like, he must depict them in analogy with natural objects,) it is through the eye that the most prominent and numerous impressions will be conveyed to his mind. Through the exercise of this faculty of sense his taste will be improved, his fancy chastened, his imagination rendered more analogous to, and familiar with nature. By a close and intelligent observance of, and an intimate acquaintance with animated, inanimate and human nature, he will learn to understand the qualities of objects in all their endless varieties of appearances and combinations. Here is a wide field of study—a boundless range for the fancy, that asks more than a life to become

acquainted with, independently of the time required to imitate. Accuracy and completeness of perception acquired as a habit, are essential to truth of delineation, for this is the education of the eye. To discriminate the resemblances and dissimilarities of the several qualities of various objects; such as their form, substance, colour, consistence, &c. their effects on one another, and their properties in respect to the absorption or reflection of light, is necessary, and is of itself a delightful study, without which no artist paints truly, because he sees imperfectly and imitates ignorantly. A healthy vision—a clear perception, as it is one of the first requisites of a painter, so it is one of the most difficult to acquire. The eyes of men do not see the same, either as regards colour or shade: as respects form, the accuracy of their discrimination is proportioned to the degree of intelligence possessed by each in regard to the qualities and properties of the object as well as to the education of the eye. It is surprising how ignorantly and erroneously many artists exercise the sense of vision. They appear to understand objects only in the gross, and by comparison. Thus they see a church steeple is taller than the houses, or that one man is taller and stouter than another, but they do not trouble themselves about the more minute forms and appearances; they give a general similitude of the object, but subject each to the same treatment both as respects style and effect. One artist makes all his men vulgar, another dandies; one artist paints a cathedral in ruin, another the same cathedral fresh from the hand of the architect. Each represents his building in the style he chooses to adopt, and gives an arbitrary effect and tone of colour inconsistent with, and at variance from nature. This practice has become so common, and we are so accustomed to it, that we are not greatly shocked with the discrepancy; but because our perceptions have become reconciled to erroneous representations, we are not therefore to permit the truth of nature to be violated in the practice of an imitative art, whose very existence depends on its fidelity, without recording our sense of the impropriety. When artists take leave of propriety altogether, they find to their cost that they have committed an error which the enlightened portion of the public will not mistake for genius or praise for originality, and they have to choose between loss of patronage and reputation, and a wilful indulgence in their extravagant humours. But it is often only a question of degree; and what is essentially a departure from the truth of nature is only complained of as a fault, when its extreme absurdity renders it a vice. If every artist were to paint nature as he sees her, there would be no danger of sameness in pictures; not only on account of her infinite variety, but by reason of the various pecu-

liarities of vision, the different modes of interpreting what is seen, and the several styles of art adopted in representing the scene.

The study of nature tends to produce variety; it is the relying too much solely upon skill in art and a recollection of what has filled the mind before, that creates monotony and repetition. It is indeed an impertinence for an artist to paint at second-hand when he can have recourse to nature, and it is visited by consequences not only evil in themselves but prejudicial to future progress. An artist must not only be content to go to nature, but he should be anxious and glad to slake his thirst at the fountain head, rather than at the tank of his own memory. We know that it is by some artists considered in the light of a degradation, or an acknowledgement of their imperfect skill, to imitate every object from nature; but this was never the opinion of the great masters. Art may disguise its imperfections of imitation, but imperfect skill will not only never attain to that power and beauty which are the products of accuracy and mastery, and not of the exclusive style of the artist; but in proportion to its distance from, and want of acquaintance with the object, will be the poverty and nothingness of the imitation. Our artists do not paint portraits from memory, but they paint faces without models, and get over the difficulty in pretty much the same manner as one who glances over the pages of a scientific treatise which he does not understand, "by omitting all the hard words." We will endeavour to exemplify what we mean.

If you see a picture, any part of which is more elaborately painted and more carefully drawn than another, you may be sure that that part has been finished from a model. We remember to have seen an artist put what he intended to look like a rose in the hair of a portrait, and he proceeded to lay in a few touches of lake in the shape of the flower, and to be sure it looked like anything else than what it was meant for. This is child's play; it is ignorant daubing, not painting or imitating nature. But the chance is, that had he had a rose by him, he would have painted it so carefully, that its finish and beauty would have destroyed the effect of the rest of the picture; then he would have said to himself, "I see that this careful imitation of minor objects is not only a useless trouble, but it makes the rest of the picture out of keeping." And why? we should have asked:—only because the rest of the picture was not properly painted; because, instead of flesh and blood, there were carmine and carnation colour; because, instead of hair, there were patches of dark and light. To preserve the keeping of the picture and the due subserviency of accessories to the principal objects is the business of effect; all objects ought to be equally well imi-

tated, and the subordinates toned down. Imperfect and slovenly painting is inexcusable in a picture; it is fit for the scenes at a theatre or the ceiling of a room, but not for the walls of a gallery. The flesh tints in the face of a portrait are the key to the rest of the picture (we exemplify portrait as a limited object, in painting which the same technical rules apply as in the case of an historical picture); but how completely must that be painted to allow of due justice being done to the accessories, without rendering the latter of more importance than the former, as is too frequently the case with furniture pictures painted for sale! In the class of "fancy pictures" also we have frequent similar instances; the artist begins by sketching in a pretty face, and when by a lucky chance he has hit off one that looks like the dim recollection of an idea, or that may pass for something with meaning—a meaning so indistinct that it may be interpreted to suit an hundred stories, all equally well; having fixed upon what it is to be, or perhaps he leaves that till last, he then makes up his picture with dresses and draperies, and a figure or two mayhap as accessories, and thus the work is completed. The consequence is, that the table-cover, or vase, or lute, or drapery, or jewels, or what not, is the principal object, while the face becomes merely part of the furniture. This is the too common process of picture-making as practised in the present day, and truly it is edifying to behold the fruits thereof. We forgot the figure to the face, by the bye; and no wonder, since it is so little thought of by the artist: but if a leg, or arm, or hand, must be shown, it is painted from a model perhaps, as the other prominent objects are, but the drapery hides all the rest, and that so effectually that no one would suspect a human form to lurk beneath, except that a foot peeping out tells that it supports the head above, though by what means, except that of the intervening drapery, we do not discover.

The practice of drawing and painting, in the true and full meaning of those terms, is not acquired in a year or two; but when it is attained, the possessor of those arts will find it less trouble to paint from a model than without one, and much more satisfactory, not only to his judgement but to his habit, to paint well than ill. You detect in a momentary glance at a picture whether the painter has understood his subject and the several objects by which it is developed, and whether he has imitated them with knowledge and skill, or whether he has slurred them over, not by generalizing but by confusing. A bad penman writes a slovenly hand, and flourishes most superfluously at once to hide his want of ability to write well, and to pretend to a contempt for that needful quality; but not all his practice can disguise the fact

that he cannot form his letters properly. Now many of our young artists paint and draw on this principle, and with just the same success. Like the school-boy, who, impatient of pot-hooks and hangers, and indignant at the restraints of round-hand, and the pedagogical practice of text, which would exhibit his incapacity in huge contortions of letters, they spurn the mechanical boundaries of parallel lines, or even a single one, and sport, in all the luxuriance of idle ignorance and presumption, over the injured sheet of paper which is condemned to be wasted to show off their profitless practice. Too many artists, impatient of the mechanical labour of learning to draw, seize the brush and disfigure primed canvasses with frightful and purposeless freaks of folly, until by dint of practice they attain the habit of making bad pictures, and hiding their deficiencies by colours and effects. We cannot wonder at such artists decrying the coldness of the French school; but we do wonder at their experienced instructors speaking of the necessity only for "a general acquaintance with the outer anatomy"—general acquaintance meaning particular ignorance—and inculcating the practice of painting studies at once, which consists in concealing, by colour and effect, the defects of form and the student's ignorance of drawing. How can expression be developed without a knowledge of its anatomy? How can an artist seize the momentary contraction of the various muscles of the face, which result from pain, or grief, or pleasure, without knowing the anatomy of the features? He may depict sorrow, or anger, or delight, in a general sense, by means of the recipe of "*Le Brun's Passions*," or he may modify a head of Raphael's, and misappropriate it to serve his purpose; but to express a precise emotion and its effect on an individual character is beyond his power, without the fullest knowledge of the expression of the passion itself, and without a minute and thorough acquaintance with the various action of the muscles that physically produce that expression. What are the faces of our artists like?—we refer particularly to the fancy pictures—but masses of flesh undistinguished by any but the representations of the prominent features, and even those indifferently drawn and inappropriately chosen? The want of knowledge, in short, of the objects they profess to imitate is one of the most glaringly evident characteristics of too many artists of the present day: yet there are greater and higher wants still more painfully evident—the want of sensibility of perception and intellectuality of expression. Many of our modern artists possess and evince taste, feeling, and judgement in painting, as far as technical skill is concerned, and a good sense that preserves their works in a respectable station of art, in spite of the deficiencies of knowledge and skill above alluded to. It is this sense of

what ought to be, this successful attempt (as far as such attempts can be successful) to hide their defects by means of technical beauties, which taste, feeling, and judgement in art prompt and enable them to do, that preserves that high character which the English school enjoys. Bad drawing, character imperfectly developed in face and feature, are rendered only less evident by the judicious concealment of these defects; the tasteful combinations, blending and contrasts of colours, and the feeling for and knowledge of effects, together make up a pretty picture, that pleases the eye, but with which the understanding refuses to be gratified, and which awakens the mind and excites the feelings by the force of the general effect and intention, but not by the delineation of power or passion, beauty or sublimity; nor even, so often as should be the case, by sweetness, tenderness, or grace. The latter, however, being in some measure expressed by the fact of any evident intention on the part of the artist, and the spectator more readily falling in with the indications of slight and pleasing emotions by reason of the inviting effects and harmonizing qualities of the picture, the feelings are aroused and enlisted on the side of the artist where the judgement is not convinced; but the enthusiasm of admiration, that compulsion and trammelling up of the mind which we experience at beholding the grand efforts of genius, is quite unfelt. We are never carried out of ourselves by the "so potent art" of the painter: we are content to approve or be satisfied by high efforts, and to be pleased or gently affected, but not much moved by the humbler subjects. Whence is this? Where skill and knowledge are possessed, it arises from the want of imaginative power and intellectuality on the part of the painter, and his deficiency of sensibility. The want of skill and knowledge in a sufficient degree to enable the painter to embody his perceptions, to clothe his ideas, and to express his feelings, may be cause sufficient. Either of these deficiencies is fatal to the attainment of the highest excellence.

We have dwelt upon the importance and necessity of thorough skill and mastery of art; and indeed little need be urged on a point that all allow to be essential, though they do not appear practically to consider it so: it only remains for us now to insist on the importance of the painter possessing intellectuality of perception, imaginative power of conception, and sensibility of feeling: in one word, Genius:—not mere talent, not ingenuity, tact, skill, sense, or understanding, but Genius. But as genius cannot be acquired—as imaginative power cannot be attained—by study or pains, nor sensibility by pretence or affectation, we need only say, that without these genius is not, however high or extraordinary the talent and skill may be. Sensibility may be possessed

without imagination, but the imaginative power without sensibility never. Sensibility is the atmosphere of the bodily habitation in which Genius dwells:—It is the air which the light of Genius makes luminous—a halo of divinity encircling the mind, whose thoughts partake of the golden lustre from which they emanate. The pencil in the hand of the painter of genius is the wand of Prospero, that calls up beings of humanity and objects of real life, as well as “spirits from the vasty deep.” The creations of Genius are not of necessity supernatural, as some artists seem to suppose, who, in attempting it, produce only the unnatural. No: Genius is the power to perceive as well as to conceive; to feel as well as to express; to understand as well as to create. It is a mastery—a ruling power that sways the mind and feelings as do the passions of human nature and the events of human life; and its greatest triumphs are those achieved over the imperfections and disadvantages of the physical organization of the body and mind in which it resides.

Intellectuality of perception is a power which a painter of sense and understanding, possessed of average sensibility and acuteness of mind and lively fancy, may acquire by study and observation; and the possession of this important power would enable its possessor to approach so near to the high qualities of genius, that the absence of them would not be felt by those who contemplated his works, nor be known to but a few. It cannot be acquired without physical accuracy of perception, upon which it is a mental refinement, and upon which also it is superinduced by observation, study, and reflection, where it is not intuitively possessed, as in the case of genius. The thorough knowledge of the physical qualities of objects, as we have before defined it, is the basis of this intellectual perception: in the study of the moral qualities of which, their relationships in respect to other objects of a similar class, and that sort of comprehensive view of them to which the term ‘keeping’ may be applied in a moral sense, consists the secret of the acquirement of this power. In short, an intellectual man, educated as an artist, and qualified by talent to succeed as one, will make an intellectual painter: but as the intellectual powers are not developed sufficiently by the ordinary course of education of artists, nor indeed of the generality of other persons, mind is unhappily considered but an adventitious rather than a principal ingredient in the success of a painter, and its development but casual and incidental. When the young student is emancipated from the trammels of an academy and tuition, according to a received practice, as recommended by individual example or conventional precepts, he has need of all his intellect to sustain his talent and quicken his dormant energies. As courage comes to the soldier

who possesses it perhaps unknowingly, by the very presence of danger, so mind comes to the aid of the artist possessing it who requires to exercise it; but this power requires an education to render it subservient to the purpose of his profession: just as the man of science, the literary man, the lawyer, and the divine, each unconsciously direct the energies of their minds to their peculiar study and pursuit, in which its power becomes stronger by practice; as the strength of body directed to any particular kind of exertion is more developed in addition to the aptitude of the muscles. It is this education of the mind to its purpose, by observation physical and moral, study, reflection, and experiment, that constitutes what we have termed mental perception, and which is to the moral part of the study of art what skill of hand and eye are to the physical. It is nothing more than that mental education by which and by reading and thought every man possessing mental power has bestowed upon himself in the exercise of some species of talent, and without which an artist will never rise beyond the mechanic who does a thing as has been taught him, and only knows that way of doing it, and that by a particular process he effects what is desired. Such are not artists, though they bear the name: and from all of their productions may we be released!

Pompeiana, or Observations on the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir W. Gell, F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. London 1830-31. Part 1, &c. Royal 8vo.

THE discovery of the two mummy cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, which have been preserved comparatively entire by the effects of the very catastrophe that entombed them, has, besides making us acquainted with many specimens of ancient painting and other relics of art—taken in the most extensive sense of the term, revealed to us more plainly than we should have otherwise known, a curious phenomenon, namely, a high degree of culture united to a very imperfect acquaintance with the mechanic arts;—a state of society as different from that of modern European civilization as from that of savage barbarism, and combining the two opposite extremes of wealth and luxury on the one hand, and a want of some of the most ordinary conveniences on the other. At the same time that we meet with much of tasteful, and with still more of profuse, embellishment, we are struck by the rudeness and wretched contri-

vance, the miserable and clumsy expedients resorted to, to supply many of the most indispensable requisites of civilized life ;—in short, we may trace a state of things not very much unlike the ruffles without the shirt, and of which that antithetical nation, our Gallic neighbours, furnish the nearest example, combining as they do ultra politeness with ultra grossness in their manners, and the most *recherché* elegance with sordid meanness, and even squalidity, in their habitations.

As second-rate towns neither Pompeii nor Herculaneum affords, perhaps, infallible evidence as to what was the state of the Fine Arts at that period, except with regard to mere decoration ; since it is not likely that they contained any first-rate works, all the paintings being executed on the spot : we are therefore at liberty to presume from inference, that the pictorial art, at least, may have been carried to far greater perfection than the specimens here brought to light actually show it to have been. In relation, however, to all that concerns the real affairs of life, the remains of these cities instruct us as well as such silent testimony possibly can ; as their inhabitants—and among them were wealthy Roman citizens who had residences there—must have been perfectly acquainted with all the inventions that the ingenuity of man had then devised.

We are so apt to dwell only upon those particulars which flatter the imagination by their splendour, that, in picturing to ourselves the state of social life among the ancients, we pass over or exclude from sight all meaner details,—all imperfections and deficiencies ; we exaggerate to ourselves what *was*, without stopping to inquire what there *was not* ; and consequently our estimate is quite erroneous. Hence it is the fashion to expatiate on the magnificence of the temples of the ancients, on the huge extent of their theatres, on the elegance of their household utensils ; while we hardly ever care to advert to those unfavourable circumstances which must have rendered the reality so very inferior to what we conceive it to have been. By studying the ruins of Pompeii, we shall correct much of this poetical delusion of the fancy ; and the disenchantment would doubtless be still more complete, could we have actual experience of the mode of living that then prevailed.

When, casting aside the prejudices of schoolboyism, or pedantry, or connoisseurship, we look at the subject merely through the spectacles of common sense, what a blank do we find in the existence of those Greeks and Romans whom we have been taught almost to idolize ! what a void in their enjoyments ! and what little real refinement ! how small an advance in most of those arts which, originating in the imperfection of our nature, supply us afterwards with so many gratifications !

Could any one be transported from modern London to ancient Rome, he would, we have no doubt, acknowledge that transportation to New South Wales would have been quite as agreeable, and that, after all, the masters of the ancient world were utter barbarians in comparison with us, the descendants of the uncivilized Britons. Were he a gastronome, he would be starved; for not even a double dose of 'peptic persuaders' would enable him to relish one of their dinners, unless he had a more daring appetite and stronger stomach than our friend Pallet when he was entertained by the classical Doctor with Roman delicacies, and a bill of fare à l'antique. After the Opera—the only place of the kind, by the by, which people can now visit without discrediting their gentility,—an ancient theatre would be voted a bore, and the assisting at their dramatic representations an act of public penance. Excepting merely at table, the Romans appear to have had no in-door life at all,—at least as dull a one as could have been desired; most certainly they had nothing whatever in any degree approximating to that concentration of social enjoyment and refinement, summed up in the single word 'drawing-room'; and wanting that, they wanted what nothing else could make amends for. In this respect the Rome of some two thousand years ago was not much, if at all, superior to modern Constantinople, where, although there is the female of Linnæus's *homo*, such a being as woman is unknown. It was owing to this absence of the society of the civilizing sex, that, notwithstanding their vaunted advance in refinement, the Romans were in many respects at almost the lowest grade of civilization; and that many of their poets, including the courtly and philosophic Horace, often wrote sheer blackguardism.

Were we disposed to be long-winded, a vice we most particularly eschew, we might here enumerate a thousand inconveniences, both positive and negative, which must have been experienced by the ancients, and for which not the costliest luxuries could atone: but passing over these exceedingly disagreeable *withs* and *withouts*, we shall confine ourselves to the notice of such as belong both to their public and private architecture. Goethe has observed that the ancients were to the moderns what a remarkably clever and intelligent child is, compared with an adult of common understanding: superior as his intuitive faculties may be, he is and must be inferior to the man in knowledge; for a few grains sown in the most fertile soil will not produce an abundant harvest. This childish inexperience manifests itself to us in almost all that the ancients have left us. Let us examine their theatres for instance, and how ill do we there find the means adapted to the end! So long indeed as the drama was considered rather a popular

religious solemnity than a scenic representation of real life, the utter want of anything like illusion could not have been prejudicial, imitation being entirely out of the question; but invention and improvement in dramatic exhibition certainly did not keep pace with the advance of the drama itself,—that is, in a literary point of view; for in other respects its progress was exceedingly limited, and the business of the scene continued to be confined almost to monologues and dialogues that would either send an English audience to sleep, or rouse them so vehemently that the manager would be apprehensive of his house falling about his ears. Without having recourse to translations of the Grecian tragedians, the mere English reader may derive a tolerable idea of this—we had almost said somniferous—form of the drama from Milton's *Comus*, or Johnson's *Irene*, which species of poetical debating, excepting that the poetry is exquisite, is hardly so dramatic as the performances in St. Stephen's Chapel. When an audience could tolerate a chronicle from the mouth of an actor by way of exposition of the story of the piece, they might easily put up with other incongruities by wholesale, and be content to draw very largely upon their imagination to furnish out all the accessories indispensable to scenic effect. It has been asserted by some, that the ancients were not unacquainted with the use of theatrical mechanism and stage properties; yet although their pieces occasionally required something of the kind, we may fairly doubt whether they had made even a tolerable degree of proficiency in scenic decoration; it being evident that the stage was not at all adapted to change of scenery in any part of it. It is probable, therefore, that the *Deus ex machina* was only a fellow let down in a sort of basket by ropes, which might be sufficiently substantial without thereby diminishing the illusion, or offending the eyes of the spectator. Illusion, in fact, must have been entirely out of the question where the performance was by daylight and in the open air; and when above and beyond the scene the audience could view the actual trees and hills, or other objects surrounding the theatre. With regard again to the actors themselves tottering about on stilted shoes, and with their heads and faces magnified out of all proportion to their bodies by the huge masks they wore, their figures must have imitated humanity so abominably as to be not a whit less extravagant than Hogarth's caricatures of the heroes of the Italian Opera. Such an exhibition must have been supremely ridiculous; and to crown the whole, the style of declamation gave the finishing touch of absurdity; for owing to the mask, which was so formed as to increase the tones, it must have been more like the roaring of a bull, than the human voice. The reader will find by this time that

we do not mince matters much; and wherefore should we?—unless, indeed, we were writing for schoolboys, in which case we might consider it becoming to curb our pen, and to talk in a somewhat different strain. The truth is, we do not care to reiterate the opinions of others—when they do not accord with our own; and there are quite dealers enow already in every kind of fudge and twaddling, without our adding to the number. So far therefore from affecting to admire the perfection of the dramatic, or perhaps we should more properly say the theatric, art in Greece, we do not hesitate to affirm that it must have been exceedingly rude and puerile. There does not appear to have been the least attention paid to what may be called the background and perspective of the picture; while the casualties of daylight, and the impossibility of preventing some part of the stage being obscured by shadow, must have tended very materially to destroy the illusion, and would have rendered painted scenery inapplicable, even had its management been understood. Palladio's Olympic Theatre at Vicenza has been extolled as a perfect model of an ancient one: it certainly exhibits all the inconvenience and defects of its prototype, and is so far an argument decidedly in favour of the superior contrivance shown in a modern playhouse. Nevertheless, in speaking of the stage and permanent scene of columns, the Italian's biographers and critics have indulged in the most hyperbolic praise, and actually seemed at a loss for superlatives to express their admiration. The sad and sober truth is, that this piece of decoration, whether designed by Palladio himself, or by Scamozzi, is quite a burlesque of architecture, a mass of unmeaning nonsense and bad taste.

How the ancients adorned this part of their stage, we have no existing documents to prove; nor will mere verbal descriptions, or rather brief hints and allusions, enable us to decide; and the strange work that architectural commentators and *restorers* have made of the descriptions of Greek and Roman dwelling-houses, is sufficiently apparent since the exhumation of Pompeii, and enough to teach us caution.

Notwithstanding the magnificent ideas we are apt to form of the splendour of Athens and Rome, from the remains of their public structures, it is most probable that their general appearance was far from being either lively or imposing. Narrow streets with little more than dead walls towards them, must have produced an effect the very reverse of grandeur. The entrances to the houses and the shops in some of the streets were the only signs of habitation in these sepulchral alleys; nor could the shops themselves, windowless as they were, have made a much better appearance than those of our green-grocers and butchers.

At Pompeii the general width of the streets is not more than that of the foot pavement in Regent-street; in many not so much. Unless therefore we are prepared to admire the spaciousness of Cranbourn-alley, and such dismal lanes as branch off from Thames-street, we are afraid we should not be greatly charmed with the classical mode of laying out towns. In point of width, it is probable that the streets of Rome did not much, if at all, exceed those of the provincial city; which may account for the miseries of walking in them, so humorously described by the Roman satirist. It is true the houses were not very lofty, and therefore the passage between them did not appear altogether so narrow as it otherwise would have done; yet this circumstance certainly did not contribute to dignity and grandeur. The most spacious street at Pompeii was that of the Mercuries; and the view of it in Sir W. Gell's work (Plate 61) will convey, if not a very favourable at least a very honest idea of the external physiognomy of domestic architecture among the ancients. Excepting here and there a small window, or rather mere aperture to admit light, there are no features to relieve the appearance of blankness, and nothing to contribute either to variety or to decoration.

The absence of windows towards the street, altogether so contrary to our notions of cheerfulness, must have given such a sombre aspect to the town, and for the most part such an air of dullness to the apartments within, that very few will be inclined to admire this classical mode of building. We must not, however, impute it either to Turkish suspicion and jealousy, or to a monkish affectation of seclusion, windows in the front of a house being altogether out of the question; since had they been so situated, the inmates might nearly as well have sat in the open street as in apartments so exposed. Not only would the rooms have been open to the gaze of passengers and neighbours, in a manner more convenient for the Asmodei and Paul Pry's of antiquity, than agreeable to those who would have been thus placed under their constant *surveillance*; but they would hardly have been habitable, on account of the noise and din from the street. Unless, therefore, the Pompeians had been as taciturn as the monks of La Trappe when abroad, and tolerably discreet withal when at home, they could not have manifested their judgement better than by building as they did. We, on the contrary, are fettered by no such inconveniences as the ancients were, and may therefore build as we please.

The invention of glass has conferred such numerous advantages upon the moderns, both as regards domestic life and scientific discovery, that could any one have predicted them two thousand years ago, they would

have been deemed incredible fables. We say the invention of glass, because although that material was certainly known to the ancients, it was employed chiefly, if not altogether exclusively, for articles of mere luxury, and not for purposes of real utility. Rarely does it happen that we appreciate what its very serviceableness has rendered so common as to make us forget it was once unknown. By means of this material we are enabled to make our walls transparent, open to the day, yet impervious to rain, wind, and dust, and in a sufficient degree also to sound; by means of this the natives of the cold North are enabled to rear the fruits of the South and the flowers of the tropics; by means of this our apartments may be extended to interminable vistas; by means of this we explore the heavens, we trace the organization of plants, we discover the beings that populate a drop of water, and scrutinize the texture of our own frames; and it is by means of this that the vision of the aged is renovated, and one of the most distressing of human infirmities overcome. Verily the achievements of an Alexander shrink into utter insignificance compared with those triumphs of art that have given to the modern world such a decided superiority over the ancient one. Printing and engraving, glass and steam, would have had altars raised to them in pagan times, and had tutelary deities assigned to them in mythology, who would have ranked with Ceres and Minerva. In his poem *O Polze Stekla*, Lomonosov has sung the praises of glass,—a singular subject, it will perhaps be thought, but the Russian bard was as much a votary of science as of the muse.

We shall probably be charged with having dwelt unnecessarily long upon what might have been said in three or four words; we have done so, however, from the wish to set the matter in a forcible light, because this single circumstance—namely, the want of glass windows—had so extensive and such a manifest influence upon the whole system of domestic architecture among the ancients; they having, in fact, no other alternative than to form interior courts into which the rooms opened, and from which many derived all their light. Although distinguished by various appellations, these courts or open vestibules were essentially the same, the chief difference arising from the degree of embellishment bestowed upon them, from their relative situations, from their having columns or not, and from their being more or less open above. The House of Pansa, which is one of the best hitherto discovered at Pompeii, conveys a tolerably adequate idea both of the merits and defects of the habitations of the ancients. To the narrow atrium, or entrance from the street, succeeded the *Cavædium*, or first vestibule, lighted by a spacious aperture in the roof, beneath which was a basin to receive

the rain, and the water discharged into it from the external roof. To the right and left of this hall were small rooms, or rather closets, having no other light than what was admitted through their doorways; and on the side opposite the entrance was what is supposed to have been the *Tablinum*, or reception room. This latter, however, can hardly be considered a distinct room, being merely a wide passage of communication open on one side to the *Cavædium*, and on the other to the second vestibule or principal atrium. The last-mentioned division of the plan formed an oblong open court, with a peristyle of columns, and having on each side various rooms distributed similarly to those adjoining the *Cavædium*; while at its further extremity was the *Triclinium*, whose windows faced the garden. *Exhedræ* or open alcoves were also common in the principal atrium, and both by the embellishment bestowed upon them and the variety such recesses formed, contributed in no small degree to the effect of the interior.

The *coup-d'œil* on entering must certainly have been not a little picturesque and scenic, full of variety and contrast, rich in the lengthened perspective of the vista, and piquant from the well-managed opposition of light and obscurity. But after the first pleasing impression had subsided, we should have found that it was rather the mere picture than the reality of a house; without hardly a single room of decent dimensions, except the triclinium; and without any other communication between the different apartments except through the atria, thereby rendering the best part of the house a common thoroughfare for the whole family. There were no suites of rooms, in fact hardly any two contiguous ones opened into each other; and as few of them had any window, they had probably no other door than a drapery. In such dwellings there must have been all the discomfort arising from confinement, without any of its privacy; and when we add to the above circumstances the want of chimneys, and the inconvenience of having kitchens, domestic offices, bed-chambers, and other rooms all on the same floor, we may estimate, without much danger of envy, the domestic life of the ancients, and, notwithstanding their marble and mosaic floors, statues and candelabra, and all the pomp of embellishment, be permitted to exclaim in the words of one of their own poets, "*quam bene non habitas.*" Even as regards the architecture alone, they do not appear to have attended at all to symmetry in the disposition of doors, which are placed just as accident determines, and in utter violation of anything like regularity.

The addition of an upper floor would have rendered the houses infinitely more convenient, by affording bed-chambers, not only comparatively quiet and secluded, but also enjoying some advantage of light

and air ; nothing, however, of the kind has hitherto been discovered at Pompeii. Some remains of staircases have indeed been met with, but so narrow and ill-constructed, that they were probably formed merely to afford access to the terrace roof. Neither are there any ceilings remaining, which would hardly have been the case—or at least some portion of them would have been left, and the remains of the walls would have been more considerable—had any upper rooms to the houses existed. The apartments, moreover, in private houses, appear to have been far from lofty, and this will account for the soil and soot occasioned by the smoke of lamps, as well as that from braziers. We very much doubt indeed whether the ancient masters of Italy excelled their modern descendants in habits of cleanliness, either in their houses or persons ; for notwithstanding the constant use of the bath, the gentry of those days must have been in a rather frowsy condition, owing to the want of body linen ; nor does their profuse application of unguents accord exactly with our notions of personal neatness. Well adapted as their costume was to painting and sculpture, it could hardly have been very convenient or particularly attractive in reality ; and a Roman fine lady in her blanket-like attire would cut a more dowdy than decent figure in a modern drawing-room.

Upon the whole we are of opinion, that interesting as the discoveries at Pompeii are to the archæologist, they have not brought forth much that is applicable to modern imitation, except as regards certain interior details and embellishments : still, although the general style of decoration we here meet with may be pronounced classical and tasteful, it exhibits much that is exceedingly capricious, unmeaning, and puerile. There is a great want both of propriety and repose ; for instead of either mere ornamental painting, subjected to the laws of architecture, symmetry and arrangement, or else purely imitative painting, we are generally presented with a disagreeable mixture of reality and chimera—a mere incoherent jumble, rendered the more offensive from the appearance of there being numerous open compartments filled with petty columns, and other architectural devices, thrown into a kind of perspective—but of the oddest kind imaginable. It is impossible to describe this extraordinary species of composition ; and we must therefore refer our readers to Plate 14 of "*Pompeiana*," which being coloured, gives, as far as it can be so conveyed, a complete idea of the original. If, however, these specimens offer little that deserves to be directly copied, they will be found to supply the elements for one very elegant and appropriate style of embellishment for modern apartments,—one that shall combine all the beauties of the original without its absurdities,

and divested of the frippery and redundancy which so greatly deteriorate it.

Of pictures, properly so called, a sufficient number have been brought to light to show what was the state of painting in Pompeii, if not elsewhere; and were we to speak our opinion, it would seem to savour too much of profanity. The ancients appear to have had but very little notion of composition and grouping, and none whatever of landscape or perspective. In this latter respect the two subjects exhibited in Plates 58 and 59 are such as might be expected from a Chinese pencil. They are, in truth, so ludicrously contrary to common sense, that although evidently by a very inferior hand, they afford strong presumption that perspective was very little if at all understood; otherwise the greatest bungler in his profession could not have fallen into errors which are not exceeded by any of the blunders Hogarth has brought together in his print of "False Perspective." It is really quite unaccountable to us how this branch of the art of design, which is almost the very first thing that would force attention, should so long have continued altogether neglected. A man may be entirely ignorant of the mathematical laws on which the science is founded, yet his own eyes, without any other instructor, will inform him that a figure which is at a considerable distance within the picture, ought not to be so large as one in the foreground; and that he can neither look down on the top of a house when standing on the same level with it, nor yet, though we have heard of such a thing, look round a corner.

It must be admitted, however, that we do not meet with many instances quite so egregious as those we have just quoted; for in general the paintings consist of little more than a few figures with hardly any attempt at back-ground or distance, and not much more of what can be termed fore-ground. The painters seem to have looked more at bas-relief than at nature; hence their figures, although occasionally very elegant, are rather sculptural than picturesque, and are not a little defective in grouping. So far from being finished, the accessories are, for the most part, hardly made out at all, or are rather symbolical signs of the objects intended to be expressed, than the objects themselves; thus the stem of a tree with the indication of one or two branches, is put for the tree itself. For ourselves we prefer to this obviously imperfect mode, that style which is adopted on the Greek fictile vases, where figures alone are represented without anything further being professed. In most of the Pompeian paintings the style of design is hard and formal, the attitudes stiff and constrained; nor does propriety of costume seem always to have been adhered to. The scene, for instance, of the "Poets

Reading," Plate 44, exhibits, to say the best, a singular license, the poets themselves being in a state of nudity,—at least their drapery is of no avail to their modesty,—while their female auditors have their full complement of dress. The Pompeians, we also perceive, had their Ettys as well as ourselves; for in Plate 42 we meet with an angling lady, who is not very much unlike the one Mr. E. has at Somerset House, except that she looks by far more demure.

We do not know whether it is intended to introduce drawings of any of the utensils and other articles discovered at Pompeii; but we think it would be advisable to devote a few of the plates to such a purpose, and within that compass a considerable number of subjects of the kind might be represented. The present series of Sir W. Gell's work is intended to supply the omissions of the former, and to comprise the discoveries made during the excavations that have taken place since that was published; and when completed it will certainly prove an admirable acquisition to the library of the scholar and the artist.

There have of late been several works on Pompeii, both English and foreign; among the rest one now very recently published by Zahn*, entitled "*Die Schönsten Ornamente, &c. aus Pompeii, Herculaneum, und Stabia.*" This splendid folio work contains several plates of entire walls, printed in colours by a particular process invented by the artist himself, and brought by him to very great perfection. Since its completion the artist has again returned to Pompeii, and communicated some account of the recent discoveries that have taken place, with a few extracts from which we shall conclude this article.

"During the four years of my absence from this place many important excavations have been carried on, and the *Strada di Mercurio* is now completely cleared as far as the city wall. The most beautiful paintings that have been found, after the ones in the house of the tragic poet, are those in

* Wilhelm Zahn was born at Radenburg in 1800. From his childhood he evinced a decided predilection for painting and architecture, both of which he afterwards studied at the Academy at Cassel, where he was educated. Having completed the course of his studies, he visited Paris in 1823, and in the October of the following year went to Italy, where after staying a short time at Rome, he proceeded to Naples, and spent nearly the whole of the ensuing summer at Pompeii, making sketches and drawings of all the fresh discoveries as they occurred. In 1826 he visited Sicily, and studied its antiquities; and after another sojourn at Pompeii, returned to Germany in the beginning of 1827. Having there decorated some apartments in the Elector of Hesse's palace at Cassel, he was encouraged to undertake his work at Pompeii, which was commenced in July 1828, and completed (in two Numbers) in January 1830. It affords the first specimens of coloured impressions in lithography.

what is called the house of Castor and Pollux. The walls of the *Tablinum* in this dwelling were painted in very superior style; and one of the finest subjects (since removed to the Museum at Naples) is that which represents Achilles discovered by Ulysses.

"The last house in the Strada di Mercurio, named *la Casa di Meleagro*, is in a better style of architecture than most, and also in a far better state of preservation. But one of the most remarkable houses yet discovered is that which was begun to be excavated on the 7th of October, 1830, in the presence of young Goethe (since dead), the son of the celebrated poet; in honour of whom it has received the appellation of *Casa di Goethe*. The entrance of this house, which is situated in the *Strada della Fortuna*, is far more ornamented than any other, being enriched with architectural decorations of white stucco. On each side in the upper part of the elevation is a small gallery of the Corinthian order, with capitals resembling those of the temple of Vesta at Tivoli, and the Basilica at Pompeii. The columns rest upon consoles formed by sphinx-like figures; and the cassoons in the soffit of the cornice contain female heads, and are enriched by gilded mouldings; many of the other architectural members were also gilt in a very delicate style. Most of the rooms have windows looking into the side streets; and in one of them some fragments of glass* have been found. The whole of this house is of more than ordinary architectural beauty, and of very superior construction. To the right of the atrium a rich Corinthian peristyle has been laid open, the capitals of which resemble those already mentioned in the exterior galleries of the front. The mosaic pavements are of exquisite design and execution; and there is at present every reason to suppose that many other equally interesting objects and works of Art will yet be found here."

In a future Number we intend to recur to this very interesting subject, and give a fuller notice of the works of ancient art thus reproduced into the world.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ARCHITECTURE (*continued*).

To say that we miss them would not be the most suitable expression; we ought, therefore, rather to observe, that we do not meet this year with any designs for royal palaces, which when we call to mind the particularly dull and tasteless things of that kind in the last Exhibition,

* This fact may seem to invalidate, if not entirely overthrow, what we have said on this subject; although we might allege that in such a case *exceptio probat regulam*. Yet we cannot admit that a solitary instance of the kind at all affects our argument, it being certain that glass windows were not in general use, and until they were, and had been so for some time, the application of them could have no material influence on the prevailing mode of building.

seems to be rather a matter for congratulation than regret. Instead of these we perceive two designs for a British Senate House; one a model by Day, the other an elevation and section by Grellier; neither of them without merit, yet both upon such a scale that even the artists themselves must have considered them mere exercises of their own imagination.

Churches and country residences constitute the chief part of the architectural stock this season; and these are, for the most part, in the Gothic and Tudor styles. Among the designs for the latter class of buildings are some of the best subjects in the room, especially those by Robinson and Buckler. The first-mentioned of these gentlemen has four drawings, two perspective elevations, and two interiors, all of which are distinguished by considerable gusto and feeling, and by very commendable attention to picturesque effect; nor are the subordinate features disregarded. There is that degree of consistency preserved throughout which is essential to character; and there is an air of genuineness about them which it is delightful to contemplate after the spurious, crude, and abortive structures of modern date, that are mere parodies of the style whose appellation they claimed. The baby-house Strawberry-hill Gothic, was succeeded by that of Wyatt, who brought into vogue an unfortunate pseudo-ancient manner, replete with insipid stateliness, and destitute of propriety. Since then, our architects seem to have discovered that churches do not offer the very best models for villas; that the substitution of an embattled parapet for a cornice goes but a very little way towards giving to the 'squire's great house' the aspect of a baronial mansion; and that projecting porticos with arches supported on insulated pillars,—like that at Eaton Hall, for instance,—are barbarous sins against both historical precedent, and the very genius of the style itself. The old manorial halls and seats of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, furnish in every respect the most appropriate models for modern habitations, due care being taken, on the one hand, to retain the spirit of the originals, and on the other not to sacrifice cheerfulness, elegance, and convenience, to timidity or pedantry, by copying them too servilely.—In Nos. 985 and 1114, Mr. Robinson has, for the most part, observed this happy medium. Both the mansion at Singleton, and that at Coolhurst, deserve great praise, as well for the purity of their architecture as for the picturesque character of their elevations. The former strikes the eye more by the diversity of its parts, among which the octagonal tower at one of its angles is not the least conspicuous; and by the varied outline produced by the breaks in the roof, by its many gables, and its clusters of chimneys: with the porch

we are not so well satisfied ; it is too plain for the rest of the structure, and has too much the appearance of a modern addition. Coolhurst is of a more ornate character, especially as regards the rich parapet frieze and the windows ; most of which latter are very spacious, and filled with numerous mullions. Considered as a drawing, this subject is one of the best among the architectural designs.—No. 1112, the 'Drawing-room at Hever Castle', by the same artist, also forms an admirable architectural picture, although we cannot say that the room itself possesses the character exactly suitable to such an apartment. It is too lofty for its other dimensions ; nor does either the style of its decorations, or the gallery at the end, tend greatly to recommend it.

Mr. Buckler has two designs, which do him very great credit : that of Glastonbury Priory, No. 1102, is a very chaste specimen of Tudor architecture, by no means deficient in variety, yet marked by repose and simplicity, coherent in its features, although irregular in its elevation ; by no means overcharged with ornament, yet betraying neither sterility of ideas nor poverty in the details. His other subject, No. 1101, a 'Design for a Cottage, for N. Carlisle, Esq.' exhibits an application of decorative wooden gables, which constitute its principal features.—Another very clever and characteristic specimen of the cottage style is No. 1098, by Jackson, which however is so placed, that few persons, we imagine, will take the trouble to examine it as it deserves. Mr. J. has also a design (No. 1100) for a Corinthian temple adapted to the site of the proposed opening from Waterloo Place into St. James's Park. The upper structure would accord very well with the architecture of the adjacent buildings, with whose ordinance it sufficiently corresponds, yet they having an additional story would occasion this to look, perhaps, too low in comparison, for it ought rather to be loftier than the buildings which flank it, in order to form a sufficiently imposing object from Waterloo Place. We do not, however, know but that after all he has shown more judgement in conforming to the scale prescribed by Mr. Nash's Corinthian order ; otherwise the correspondence now preserved would have been destroyed. The manner in which he has made the entrance below is more open to objection, there being no apparent support to the two centre columns of the upper structure, which bear directly upon the entablature which forms the lintel to the opening in the terrace below. This solecism, too, is rendered the more intolerable by the proportions of the opening itself, which is so wide in comparison with its height, that it would require columns to support its architrave in a manner satisfactory to the eye, even were there no superimposed structure above it. If therefore columns could not have been placed

in that situation without contracting the space for passengers too much, the difficulty might have been surmounted by arching the passage through the terrace. We may take the present opportunity of observing, that should the monument it is proposed to erect to His Majesty ever be put into execution, this site would, perhaps, be as good a one as could be selected for it, both on account of its publicity, and because one of the earliest acts of William IV., after his coming to the crown, was to order an entrance into the park to be formed on this spot for the accommodation of his subjects.

No. 1096, 'Sketch for a Town-hall at Halifax', by G. Stokes, exhibits much classical feeling and elegant taste united to much originality. There are no vulgar features, nothing of the quotidian character of a private dwelling, to lower, if not destroy, the effect of Greek decoration. Instead of contenting himself with merely copying columns and entablatures, the artist has endeavoured to catch the spirit of antique taste, and to infuse it into the whole of his composition. Without neglecting simplicity, he has thrown a considerable degree of play into his design; and without deviating from the leading character of the style he has proposed as his model, has exercised considerable invention. By the substitution of *tetragonastyles*, or square pillars, for columns at the angles of the hexastyle Ionic portico, he has obtained a great degree of contrast without, in our opinion, at all violating any architectural principle, or the consistency necessary to unity. This effect would be considerably heightened were the columns fluted, which it is probable he contemplates doing, since in its present state the drawing is evidently very far from finished. We cannot, however, extend our praise to that part of the basement on which the portico is placed; for the projecting parts or piers, if they may be so termed, corresponding with the extreme intercolumns above, produce some appearance of confusion, and also occasion the intermediate space to look crowded or confined; besides which, the absence of a central doorway in this basement is by no means a pleasing peculiarity.

No. 1107, 'Design for the proposed new Church in Woburn Square', by T. L. Donaldson, seems to be in a richer and purer style of pointed architecture than most of the recent erections of that class: we say 'seems to be', because the height at which this drawing is placed renders it impossible for us to examine it, or indeed to bestow on it that attention we think it deserves. The tower, which is surmounted by a spire, forms an imposing and boldly marked feature; and from the extension of the building on either side of it, we are induced to imagine that this is an elevation of the side, not of the end of the building.

Mr. Poynter's design for improvements in the Great Hall at Warwick Castle, No. 986, is one of the few drawings of interiors the Exhibition affords, and one which displays great ability and correct taste. This noble baronial apartment derives its grandeur chiefly from its spaciousness, and from its magnificent timber roof, which may be described as of a truncated gable form. To this all the other parts are kept subordinate, and some of them may almost be termed plain; yet the general result, aided by the strong perspective effect and the gleams of light admitted at intervals, is extremely dignified and impressive.—As a drawing, Mr. Parke's 'View of Antique Temples in the Island of Philoc', is entitled to unqualified admiration for the exquisite taste with which it is executed; but in point of architectural beauty it is by no means to be compared with the one he exhibited last year.

Here we shall take our leave of the Library at Somerset House; and in doing so must be allowed to express the hope that next year we shall find it less filled with frames, and far better furnished with subjects.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

'EXTERIOR of a Venetian Curiosity Shop.' J. F. Lewis.—The title of a picture, like that of a poem, as designated in a catalogue, frequently promises much more than inspection or perusal can discover, and reminds one of the fable of the "Mountain in Labour;" when, instead of witnessing the birth of a mighty dragon, out creeps a timid mouse. Young painters and juvenile poets commonly select pompous subjects whereon to try their skill; and their heroes and heroines stalk forth in the grotesque majesty of the *dramatis personæ* of Chrononhotonthologos. The unpretending title thus chosen by this artist would not beget high expectation on perusing this line in the water-colour painters' catalogue; for who would anticipate the gratification of beholding one of the most delightful and interesting compositions, under the title of 'The Exterior of a Venetian Curiosity Shop'? But, as the great observer of Nature wisely says, "What is there in a name?"

We have before observed, that the talents of Mr. Lewis are a valuable acquisition to the Society, as his pictures display a spirit of thinking congenial to the most popular notions of pictorial art.

It is not a new opinion with us, that the Venetian gusto is peculiarly applicable to water-colour painting; for its attributes comprise daring

contrast in light and shadow, vigorous breadth, and splendour of colour, which, judiciously harmonized, render to the eye that rich and imposing effect which may be compared with that combination of musical instruments by which Handel's choruses enchant the ear.

It is evident that the effective splendour which characterizes the works in water-colours of that highly-gifted genius, Bonnington, was derived from that perception with which he contemplated the pictures of the old Venetian masters during his residence in the French capital. Incorporating what was applicable to this modern species of art, his works reflected new light to his contemporaries; and it is likely, that from his successful exertions, water-colour painting will attain new powers, which may ultimately render pictures wrought in this material the most splendid as well as elegant furniture for the walls of an apartment, that genius has ever devised.

Much of this spirit has been caught by Mr. Lewis, which, without being an imitator of Bonnington, he distributes in delightful variety throughout his numerous compositions.

'Shipwreck' (scene on the coast of Yorkshire). Copley Fielding.—The last attribute discoverable, even to well-directed study, in any of the Fine Arts, is simplicity of design. A picture, a poem, or a musical composition, though made up of many parts, must be so constituted as to form a whole, agreeably to the scheme proposed. Whatever is intended should be rendered so, that it be understood. If the subject be heroic, it must possess characteristics compatible therewith; if of the sublime class, all must conspire to sublimity; if the subject be purely classic, all must contribute to beauty and tranquillity;—each has its sentiment, and that sentiment should prevail.

This composition of a storm at sea appears to have obtained for its author the approbation of all. The enlightened connoisseur approves it as a complete picture; and those who pretend to no knowledge of art, are struck with its resemblance to nature, because, as we before observed, it conveys the sentiment proposed,—that of a storm at sea, in which every part is subservient to, and compatible with, the scheme proposed. Hence it may be said this picture conveys but one sentiment, and that is descriptive of a storm. If, therefore, a treatise were to be written upon Taste, and an illustration of the term Simplicity, or unity of sentiment, were wanting, reference might be made to this masterly performance by Mr. Copley Fielding, and its application could not fail to be understood.

The same simplicity of intention is almost generally prevalent in the works by this favourite master. If the subject be purely topographical,

it is compatibly treated; if rural, it has the corresponding amenities of the picturesque; if marine, the mind of the spectator is carried out to sea;—and yet, with these graphic powers to please, the most fastidious seekers of truth, as applied to graphic art, cannot discover any forced effects, or freaks of light, shadow, and incident, in his manifold compositions: all the attractions wrought by his numerous works arise from that charm which the practice of a genuine contemplation of Nature can display in unaffected simplicity and unsophisticated art. To sum up the merits of this artist, in contradistinction to the merits of those who take higher flights in the regions of design, or who are so eminent in the imaginative of art, the productions of the pencil of Mr. Fielding are generally admired—because they are universally understood.

‘Interior of the Church of St. Julien at Tours, now used as a Remise to the Hotel de l’Europe.’—The opening of the foreign ports, though not universally beneficial to the cause of British commerce, has certainly operated favourably in the mart of topographic art; for the stores of pictorial subjects which have been brought from the continent has raised the English market cent. per cent. touching the home consumption of these mental wares. The rich stores of topographical material which have been imported by the painters of the British school since the peace of 1816, have contributed largely to the highest mental gratifications of the present enlightened epoch. Almost every one of means has become a foreign tourist; and amongst the vast number, many who indulge in the recollection of pleasurable associations connected with certain scenes abroad, take pleasure in beholding their pictorial delineation. Hence the popular feeling for subjects of foreign topography.

Abstracted of these considerations, England, Scotland and Wales, though abounding in all the diversities of landscape scenery, are not prolific in subjects compatible with the pictorial notions of the amateur of topographical study; hence, to supply the growing taste for such compositions, the British artists are wont to seek them abroad. In domestic architecture we have little left that is more ancient than the sixteenth century; for what was spared of an earlier erection than the age of Elizabeth, and indeed of a still later date,—from the universally acquired wealth of the last half century, and the no less universal prevalence for pulling down and building up again,—scarcely aught is left of the pictorial of this class worthy the delineation of the pencil. It is true that every county retains some picturesque ruin, part and parcel of the architectural ecclesiastical grandeur of former ages; but these have been “booked by the graphic tourist” over and over again, to

the very resemblance of each ivy-grown buttress, ruined pinnacle, glassless window, and almost individual stone. Meanwhile those ecclesiastical structures that remain are preserved with such sacred reverence for the legal obligations of wind-tight and water-tight, repairing, painting, and white-washing, that a painter cannot discover a square inch of Time's tinting within or without, in ten thousand superficial yards of five-hundred-years-old architecture. Church wealth, binding leases, and pertinacious surveyors, constitute a phalanx of stout opposition to the picturesque.

On the continent, where wealth has not been so universally abounding, and the consequent passion for architectural alteration and modern improvement has not been so national a mania, these affairs are different, and things are found in *statu quo*. Nuremburg, to wit; there, in the corner of a street, held together by its thousand grey beams and rafters, project the overhanging stories of old Albert Durer's domicile; and in the front of its venerable neighbour mansions, and in the middle of the street, gossiping goodies are seen busied filling their buckets from a pristine Jacob's Well, such as we behold depicted in ancient missal, or black-letter lore. Subjects these! for British topographers, and the genuine amateurs of the picturesque.

We may proudly boast our national school of graphic topography, composed as it is of such a host of pictorial strength as the congregate talent of our artists can muster in this prolific field of art. Prout, and we mention him *par eminence* as the Columbus of his art, in making discoveries in this new world of topography. The portfolio of studies from the olden towns, drawn on a neutral tinted paper with his masterly pencil, and heightened with white, forms a volume of pictorial richness, which, fairly estimated by a jury of taste, would, weighed in the scale of merit, make twenty of the ponderous volumes of Claude—upon which a late English connoisseur fooled away sixteen hundred sovereigns—kick the beam. Such is the prejudice of certain collectors in favour of the scrawlings of the old masters. Stanfield and Roberts, Pugin and his well-tutored disciples, Cotman, the Lewis's, Mackenzie, Cattermole, Bonnington, Nash, and last, (though not least amongst the professors of this interesting and national department of art,) Mr. Wild, whom we mention here from feelings of personal regard, respect for his talent, and sympathy for that affliction, which in the midst of his enthusiastic affection for his art, prohibited him the exercise of his pencil, by the deprivation of vision,—a calamity the more to be deplored, as his latter productions were characterized by a mastery of execution, and correct knowledge of architecture, rarely united in the same hand. Such as

the condolence may be, and we offer it in sincerity, it must be gratifying to our friend to know, that he had practised until he had attained to that reputation which many desire and few obtain; that his works helped considerably to exalt the reputation of the Society of which he is still a member, and an officer zealous for its common good; and that the works which he has accomplished, are duly estimated by the artist and the connoisseur.

Having made this long, but we hope not profitless digression, it is time to return to the interior of the 'Church of St. Julien' by Nash, which is one of the finest specimens of modern topographical art, being replete with all the attributes that constitute the charm of the picturesque. In effect it is purely natural; and as to arrangement of light, shadow, colour, it is a picture that may compare with any of his former productions, or the works of the same class by De Witt, Peter Neufs, or any of the most celebrated masters of the Flemish or Dutch school.

'St. Mark's Palace.' S. Prout.—The vigour and energy of style which pervade the works in water-colours by this original-minded artist, have long excited the surprise of painters in oil. The new powers which have been developed in the violin by Paganini, are scarcely less matter of astonishment to the professors of music, than those discovered of late in the use of water-colours to professors of painting,—if reference be made to the drawings of our day, compared with their limited powers, as exhibited in the drawings of the artists who practised with the same pigments, prepared in the same manner, fifty years ago. If then we do not live in an age of invention, and indeed our ancestors have left us little to invent, we certainly do exist at a period when perception is pushed almost to the utmost stretch of possibility. It is only by the acuteness of modern perception that the vast and hitherto unknown properties of water-colours have been developed, and what those powers are, may be comprehended by even a hasty glance of the works of Mr. Prout.

The 'Stranded Indianman,' exhibited in this room two years since, a composition by this artist, was certainly the *ne plus ultra* of water-colour art. The vastness of bulk of the mighty bark, represented on a few superficial feet of paper, was not exceeded by the object itself; and the gigantic execution of the picture was compatible with the greatness of the design. It was a work that excited the wonder of every one who beheld so extraordinary and so successful an effort of the graphic art.

It were idle to dispute upon the import of the word Genius, as applied to this or any other art; yet we know not what operation of the mind

can be more nearly allied to that attribute which is said to constitute genius, invention, than the power of doing or creating that which has not been done or seen before. It would perhaps be injustice to the great Newton to deny that it was his genius which led him to the discovery of the laws of gravitation. By parity, supposing this to be granted, may not the finding that powerful tone in the string of a violin, which for the first time is called into existence by the bow in the hand of a Paganini, or the alike hitherto unknown tone of colours which is brought forth by the pencil of a Prout, be each the effect of genius also? is a question that metaphysicians may be inclined to dispute; yet to what other means are we to ascribe such extraordinary powers? Prout, several years ago, in the use of the black lead pencil, even in his sketches, produced that energy of effect, that expression and character, which threw new light upon the use of that instrument, and almost rendered these off-hand productions as effective as finished pictures. When he had done this, others could do it too; but the innate power which led to the development of this arose out of perceptions that may, reasonably as we presume to think, entitle the discoverer to the reputation of having a genius for his art. Be this as it may, there is no danger of opposition to the assertion that Prout has produced by the energies of his original mind such an extraordinary scale of effect as no other painter in water-colours had ever, by many degrees, reached before. No pictures of any age or any school make more grand or splendid furniture than the compositions of this highly talented artist; and it may hence be recorded amongst the anomalies of our age, that so many thousands are frequently bestowed in collecting obscure paintings that can scarcely be developed when hanging on the walls of a gallery, when the cheerful, elegant, luminous productions of the native school of water-colour painting can supply the most delightful representations of the choicest scenes of nature, as decorations for superb apartments, at one-fiftieth part of the expense. But we live in an age when the afflicted with the graphiomania are enraptured with high-priced dingy pictures which cannot be seen, and the smitten with the bibliomania give countless sums for black-letter books—which are never to be read. Meanwhile we are to believe, on the dictum of Lord ***** , that “intellect was always understood to have proceeded from the aristocracy.” Well may we egotistical Britons boast the “march of mind.”

‘A View from the Top of the Cliff near the Valley of Rocks, Linton, North Devon.’ W. Turner.—Many whose authority may be worth consideration are of opinion that exhibitions are generally pernicious

to the growth of legitimate art. This opinion, if true, is less applicable perhaps to the Water-colour Exhibition than to any other; for here is as general a uniformity of talent, and in as good keeping (to use an artistical phrase), as can be found in any exhibition of works of modern art. Even here, however, some portion of the subjects approximate at least to the florid manner of colouring, so injurious to that sober style of landscape which is the object of Mr. Turner's study, and in which he particularly excels. It is in consequence that his works do not strike the generality of visitors; as they are not only unobtrusive, but even uninviting, appearing at first sight rather sombre than gay, and to be known must be sought; but when sought, they are discovered to be worth the effort which engaged their acquaintance, being intelligent and replete with the sterling properties of landscape art.

In colour and splendour of effect, great advances have been of late made, almost universally in the water-colour department. The eye of the far greater part of English collectors luxuriates in colour. With these the want of that attribute almost amounts to a deficiency of all they seek in art. The fascinations of colour are extremely delightful, but they should not be purchased at the expense of all the other properties that are necessary to constitute the picture. Turner, we mean the Academician, a school of landscape in himself, is sacrificing good taste at the shrine of colour, with the wilful zealotry of a mistaken devotee. It would almost appear that he sets up anomalies in paint, to show by the skilfulness of graphic sophistry, that he can reconcile things irreconcilable in nature by his mastery in art. His capabilities are assuredly only this side the very boundaries of magic; and almost a magician himself, he is betraying his admirers within his newly created circle. It is dangerous, however, to venture upon enchanted ground. The seductions of this great and most original painter, we lament to say, are effecting no small mischief amongst the disciples of the British school.

Bonnington too, however richly imaginative, devoting himself to the fascinations of colour as he did, notwithstanding all his genius, almost aided and abetted the corruption of good taste. Sober judgement can not only endure, but even admire the ebullitions of such rare minds; but these things cannot be tolerated at second-hand. Nothing can be more true than the axiom of him who played such wanton tricks with Fortune, "that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." It is dangerous even for Genius to leap the pale of Truth, to ramble in search of the imaginative, lest the flowery paths may lead him who thus explores too far to retrace his path: and he who has been a light

and a guide for others to the Temple of Fame, may be lost in a labyrinth of gaudy tulips, when expecting to repose on a bed of fragrant roses.

That connoisseur would be frigid indeed who would prescribe rules for painters highly gifted by Nature, and richly imbued with the knowledge of art, like these. Wise men, however, have sometimes been spoiled by fortune, and even philosophers have occasionally played the fool. We have the works of the great masters of olden times before us, and in them examples of all that is great in art. Genius may play the coquette, but it then behoves the admirers of genius to be on their guard. We should be sorry to live to see applied to any one dear to Fame, what a cynical philosopher whimsically said of certain writers of his day. "Truth is a cow with these, that can supply no more milk—and so they are gone to milk the bull." But what is the most mischievous of all the results of these aberrations is, the pertinacious folly, not to say assurance, of certain collectors, who defend these things in defiance of the judgement of those who know better than to tolerate all sorts of tom-fooleries, merely because they have the sanction of some great idol's name. We have heard, and we record it with horror, that there are those, authorities too in certain coteries, who take upon themselves to assert, that it is only ignorance or prejudice which is blind to the beauties—of the "Lady in the mustard-pot."

This digression ended, it may be refreshing, to use a hacknied though no bad phrase, to return to the landscape scenery of Mr. Turner, who when scarcely past his boyhood produced some pastoral scenes that would have delighted Raysdael himself to behold. An English autumn (the painter would choose the month of October,) is prolific of fine examples of a cloudy sky. It is then that the sun is low, and emits its golden rays with additional lustre on mountain steeps and woody dells, o'er river, plain and mead, spreading abroad lengthened shadows, and streaming lights, illuminating the landscape with the splendid touch of magic. It is this season then, when studied with the right feeling for art, which makes the accomplished landscape painter.

"Fair Italy thou art the garden of the world,"—thus Byron apostrophizes this poetic region. He further exclaims

"Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful; thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility."

Italy may be the "Garden of the World," but England is the landscape garden.

We remember a large drawing by Mr. Turner, which displayed the

pictorial character of an English scene, more abundantly rich in the amenities of rural landscape, than any composition of the same class by any British artist. The scene represented a bold chain of rising ground with a winding river at its base stretching to the distant horizon. The whole of the foreground, extending for two miles at least, was covered with ripened corn, and on the summit of the nearest ridge, a farmer on a white horse with a group of rustics stood conspicuously relieved upon the sky. The general sentiment was that of an evening sun, shedding its rays in various gleams between magnificent clouds clearing up after a "storm in harvest," and touching the waving corn in large masses of splendour that might almost vie in brightness with molten gold. Byron drew rich and glorious landscapes of Greece and Italy. Would that he had taken his pen, and, inspired by a love of his native soil, had as congenially set about an apostrophe of a scene like this. Mr. Turner's 'Evening Scene' is worthy of being engraved by one of our ablest artists in the line manner. Had Woollett been alive, he would have undertaken the task, *con amore*.

We wish Mr. Turner would send such subjects as these once more to the Exhibition. We fear that his absence for so many successive years from the metropolis, has deprived him of the advantage of that collision of mind with other painters, which is necessary to keep the most original talent from the danger of retrograding, rather than advancing in art. We have seen and deplored in more than one instance the declension of talent that is consequent upon this separation of an artist from the site of art.

'Hotel de Ville, Ulm.' J. S. Cotman.—The latter works of this original-minded artist are compounded of qualities, which though incongruous, are yet rendered so compatible by that modern skill which combines extravagance with simplicity, that at the same time that it invites inquiry as to its pretensions to rank with fine art, almost bids defiance to criticism. Vocal musicians complain of screwing up the instruments above concert pitch. Such a custom produces terrible wear and tear of the voice. Fashion or caprice may demand these novelties, and at length they are endured. It is vain to preach against them whilst the paroxysm rages. So it is with the graphic art; every year screws colouring up to a higher scale according to Exhibition pitch, until the very shadow of a cloud is rendered more intensely blue than Byron's classic sea, and the sober gray granite column of a temple blazes prominently brighter than Corinthian brass. Yet as the ear of Fashion accommodates itself to notes sharper and sharper still, so does the prejudiced eye see harmony in this graphic hyperbole—for all is compatible with the Exhibition key.

The *beau-ideal* is the glory of Genius. The poetry of Milton is glorious. There is real majesty in the epic of Homer, and in that of our own Homer, the author of 'Paradise Lost'; but the language of 'Comus' is fitting to its subject, and the style of 'L'Allegro' is simple as the imagery which gave it birth. With great poets every theme is rendered in language and style compatible with its character. So in painting, fitness is equally indispensable. The heroic style in either, applied to subjects unfittingly, becomes bombast; and if art is to become perverted thus by the freaks of men of genius, we may shortly see the walls of our modern exhibitions one vast display of the *beau-ideal*, resolving itself into a chaos of absurdity and bombast.

These observations are forced from us; for it is with no small sacrifice of our admiration of original talent, that we can bring ourselves to censure even the aberrations of genius; but we are admirers of Nature too; and the favourite disciples of her school, after imbibing in their youth lessons of truth, should not at that period when experience should confirm them in her precepts wantonly depart from them to revel in the regions of false taste.

BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARTISTS.

THE LATE SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—In the Biography of this distinguished painter, the close intimacy which existed between him and Mr. R. Westall is duly noticed. To this notice might be added, that they studied together, and so alike at one time were their styles of designing and painting, that the works of one might easily have been substituted for those of the other. The writer of this recollects a portrait (three-quarter size) of one of the sisters, if he be not mistaken, of his friend Mr. Lawrence, which was so entirely like, in style and feeling, to his portraits then exhibiting on the walls of Somerset House, where Mr. Westall's also appeared, that every one was sensibly struck with the general similitude.

The same observation may equally refer to Lawrence's attempt at the epic in the picture painted by him, entitled "Homer reciting his verses to the Greeks," which, had the name of Westall been substituted in the catalogue for that of Lawrence, would have passed current with the artists and connoisseurs.

Lawrence's portraits at this period, though evidently the result of an original style of thinking, and strikingly imposing, from the vigour and spirit with which they were designed and executed, were nevertheless

replete with mannerism. At that time ladies and gentlemen wore a profusion of hair, which was so fantastically frizzed and frosted with powder, the gentlemen's in particular, that if a beau, however elegant in person, with his head dressed in the style of that period, was now to enter a drawing-room, every one would be convulsed with laughter.

One of the marks of high fashion at this period was the loose and apparently negligent manner in which the hair was dressed. To do it in style, indeed, was considered an important art; and the Prince of Wales, who had a magnificent head of hair, when frizzled, powdered, and pomatomed, was considered a model of taste. It was from such caputs that Lawrence had to paint; and adding flowing graces of his own, he outraged all notions of propriety in costume, by these absurdities, —cravats so fantastically thrown around the neck, and coats with collars and lappels in such tortuous lines, as ought to have made even affectation ashamed. Yet such is fashion, that these absurdities were not only tolerated by the *beau-monde*, but such scaramouche resemblances were dubbed elegant, and fools of fashion flocked to Mr. Lawrence's *studio* to be thus depicted, and thus vain-gloriously handed down to posterity. That taste is now somewhat improved is not to be disputed; for many an old beau of the present day would blush on beholding, in one of these fantastic daubings, a surfeiting recognition of a coxcomb of forty years ago—in himself.

Fortunately for the fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence, his sitters were as much ashamed of themselves as he could have been of his works; and thus most of these graphic illustrations of what his great prototype Reynolds denominated "fallacious mastery," have long since been consigned to oblivion.

It is the more surprising that Lawrence sunk into this degeneracy of style, when he had, whilst Reynolds was yet living, exhibited that chaste specimen of art in his universally and justly admired whole-length portrait of Miss Farren. What the orthodox Opie said of these fopperies of Lawrence's manner was not far from the truth; namely, that "Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence." It is due to his reputation, however, to add, that he outlived these aberrations, and commenced a reformation, both in style and thinking, after arriving at that age which the satirist had limited as the last period assigned to professional improvement:

"I long had thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventured to assert it."

Lawrence saw his error, and repented from thirty to forty; and as he

approached the age of half a century, quitting this meretricious manner, proceeded soberly and steadily into a state of graphic regeneration.

In his pursuits of art, Mr. Westall was no less a public favourite than his friend Lawrence. The same originality of thinking, as to energy of style, was eminently displayed in his water-colour compositions, which, in spite of the 'fallacious mastery' which predominated in almost all his works, were yet so fascinating, that he enjoyed more patronage alone than had ever been bestowed upon all the professors of that branch of art, his less fortunate, and, it must be acknowledged, with the exception of Stothard, less highly endowed predecessors. His style, though admirable in many points, was however meretricious; yet it is to be lamented, that the high promise which attended his early career has not realized the hopes and expectations of the admirers of the former productions of his pencil.

Hamilton, also mentioned in the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence as one of his most intimate friends, and inseparable colleague in the pursuit of art, though a painter of prolific fancy, and rendering his thoughts with a mixture of vigour and splendour which was dazzling and imposing, yet must be added to the list of the meretricious artists of the day. This was the period when the sickening mania for *Della Crusca* poetry had nearly attained its crisis; and painting, to keep pace with the applause bestowed on the honied poets of the *Della Cruscan* school, "falling head and ears in love with the *beau-ideal* of art, left nature in the lurch."

When certain five-and-twenty year old critics prate of the fine Somerset House exhibitions of by-gone days, they must descant from the data of newspaper puffery, or the eulogiums of magazine scribblers, in their ignorant commentaries upon the then state of British art. It must be admitted, however, that it is difficult to rise superior to the prejudices of the times in which we live. The tide of popularity flowed so highly to the bearing up of this false taste, that even truth was deterred from attempting to oppose its progress; for whoever was sufficiently bold to decry this false, this specious mode of practice, was stigmatized as a pedant or an envious ignoramus. If men of sound judgement, however, were deterred from writing down this vicious style of painting, there was no reasonable excuse for the hosts who thus wrote it up, particularly if it be remembered that some amongst the number of the upholders of these corruptions of art were men of literary celebrity and general knowledge, who might reasonably have been expected to have known better. These follies, as old Barry used to say, will occur even amongst the enlightened; for there are periods of fashion in fine art as

well as in caps and bonnets. The sterling orthodoxy, the severe grandeur of Michael Angelo, and the dignified grace and beauty of Raffael, gave way to the slip-slop silk-and-satin-clad angels of the succeeding Italian school.

From this period, about the epoch of the zenith of the fame of the Shakspeare Gallery, and a few years onward, many leading members of the English school seem to have taken leave of their senses, and the walls of the Royal Academy, and the walls of the Shakspeare Gallery, exhibited the most afflicting specimens of "painting run mad."

Hoppner, though possessing talent and taste in portraiture had he applied them as he ought, fell into the fashionable folly of pleasing by meretricious style, and instead of adding what he could have done to the common stock of legitimate art, contented himself by perpetuating, not the beauties but the faults of his great prototype Sir Joshua. His works, though specious to an extreme degree, were yet, from the cleverness and tact with which they were wrought, so fascinating, that it might be said he obtained his five thousand a-year in amusing himself by loosely sketching in oil-colours the inanities of fashionable faces.

Opie, at the same time, a face-painter too, laid on his pigments with a trowel, and helped to perpetuate the noble visages of our aristocracy, female and male, in style, taste, and feeling, that might almost characterize Wapping landladies and their beer-drinking guests, stout mealmen and brawny fellowship-porters. He worked in the grand gusto, by the way; for even malignity itself will not charge his memory with sacrificing Nature to the sentimentality or effeminate beau-ideal of art. His works, indeed, might be quoted in malice by foreign artists, *par excellence*, as sterling specimens of the John-Bullism of the British school.

Peters, though wanting but little more to become a colourist, was a *Della Cruscan* in his practice. His style, no doubt, was congenial to the obscene subjects which he painted, to his own shame and the eternal disgrace of his noble patron, to whose corrupt taste he was the base pander; but his grave and decent pictures were meretricious, and at best only an elegant sort of graphic namby-pamby. A score more, at least, whose names figured conspicuously in the Royal Academy catalogue about thirty or forty years ago, had the good fortune to live, and prosperously too whilst alive, who certainly have not left—a never-dying fame.

Another must be named, whose works are legitimatized as it were with the British school;—a man of rare genius in truth, to add to the phrenzy of art as then stalking forth in so many languishing, woe-

begone, fantastic, blustering, and raving shapes, it came forth, as one possessed, from the tombs. Fuseli we mean of course—he, the chief captain of the maniac band. “Talk of the beau-ideal!” exclaimed Barry. “Is it beau-frightful that you mean? Sirs, if the Prince of Darkness dabbled in paint, and dipped his brush in soot and sulphur, I would pit Fuseli’s painted ghosts against his painted devils, and frighten them back to the security of their native flames. Sirs, he has out-spectred all the buggaboos of superstition, and exorcised them for ever to the Red Sea; and scaring Beelzebub out of his wits, has laid him, the arch rebel, in chains for another thousand years; but having sent the devil packing, he is himself playing the devil with art!”

These formed part and parcel, being Royal Academicians, of the great exemplars to the students of the British school; and, as the same cynic observed, “much good may it do ye, youngsters!”

During this season of rabid painting, happily some of the British painters, escaping the mania, laboured steadily in maintenance of the integrity of the art.

The present President of the Royal Academy, though contemporary with Hoppner and Lawrence, and witnessing as he did what high premiums were bestowed upon those who ministered to the fooleries and fopperies of public caprice, pursued his course steadily, determined to maintain the integrity of his profession, and not be diverted from his object by the seductions which were holding out their temptations to the right and to the left. Owen also, who next shared that practice which was not entirely engrossed by the fashionable phrenzy, would not assist in the corruption of the purity of art. Phillips, no less orthodox in the maintenance of truth, must also be named with these; and the worthy knight, who we believe is fast advancing towards the venerable octogenarian in age, and who, like Titian of old, vigorous in his studio, is still portraying whole-lengths of sovereign kings and queens, though last, stands properly first amongst the living supporters of the legitimate style of portrait-painting.

Our ancient friend Northcote, too, deserves high praise in our remembrance. Fame indeed, who is ultimately just, though her votaries during life too often are deprived of the honours she intends them, by the clamourers and intriguers who oppose her dispensations,—Fame has already placed their names on Integrity’s altar, and has ordered her cunning workers on marble to prepare their busts for her own gallery of worthies. Posterity, too, shall inscribe their names in the catalogue of Genuine Masters of the British school.

When we look thus retrospectively, and reflect upon the vicious style

of art which prevailed, and for a time carried all before it, can it fail to be matter of surprise that the British school, constituted as it now is, should be so much beyond it, in almost every attribute, to what it was as viewed in our National Exhibition thirty or forty years ago? The speculations of the wisest connoisseurs could never have ventured to hope for so great and beneficial a change,—such a reformation, and such an acquisition of strength to our school of art, as may be instanced by reference to the latter exhibitions at Somerset House.

When we hear, then, so much said about the formation of a National Gallery, let those who have the power of protecting the Fine Arts of our country bear in mind, that the proudest monument to the nation's glory would be the formation of a gallery truly national; one containing a display of the best works of British masters.

In looking at the catalogue, and referring to the works of our ingenious contemporaries, surely enough could be found, taking one specimen only of each, to form the nucleus of a collection, which, augmented by the addition of one other of each annually, would, in a very few years, supply a gallery of paintings of every class, from epic compositions to objects of still life, which would not only do honour to the arts of the country, but become, by a thousand consequent influences, a great additional source of national wealth.

In epic and history, we have, of our own age, the works of Northcote, Hilton, Westall, Etty, Howard, Martin, Danby, and Briggs; all of whom have produced pictures that might be owned by the celebrated masters of old.

In portraiture, we have the works of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Opie, Owen, Harlowe, Dawe, Jackson, Shee, Beechey, Phillips, and Pickersgill.

In the dramatic and familiar class of compositions, we have to boast the works of Hogarth, Wilkie, A. Chalon, Newton, Leslie, Mulready, Frazer, Good, Clint, of established fame; and amongst the rising school, and of high promise, Knight, Hart, Webster, and a host of growing strength, who will add to the proud list of aspirants vigorously marching onward upon the high road to fame.

In the animal department we can display the works of Stubbs, Gilpin, Garrard, Ward, Cooper, and Landseer;—a congregate of talent, which would do honour to the arts of any age.

In the landscape, marine, and topographical departments, we may indeed boast a matchless school. What a glorious display of art might be made of the works of Wilson, Gainsborough, Turner, Calcott, Constable, J. Chalon, Collins, Hoffland, Witherington, Stanfield, Roberts,

Linton, Nasmith, Lee, Ewbank, and others of repute, who shall be named in a future catalogue, according to their desert!

If our sovereign, then, and his ministers feel a desire to add to the mental glory of our empire and our age, surely a National Gallery composed of the works of British artists like these would at once effect an object—so devoutly to be wished. A noble opportunity exists at present, which may never recur again, and which if neglected, therefore may be the cause of endless reproach. Not only is the want of a new building most sensibly felt for the paintings in the National Gallery, but also for those exhibited annually at the rooms of the Royal Academy in Somerset House. A becoming situation and ample space is at present to be found on the site of many of the old buildings taken down near Charing Cross;—why should not a fit building be erected there to accommodate both purposes, and thus afford the best means of doing justice to the works of Art, and the best means of study to our rising artists? It certainly would be better and even cheaper to build such a Gallery at once than to adapt, at great expense and with unsatisfactory result, the new Palace, as it has been proposed, to purposes for which it was not designed, and is not calculated. Above all, we should contend for the propriety and even the justice of placing the national treasures of Art under the superintendence, as they are principally for the benefit, of our native artists. What a home would the office of “Keeper” be to many a deserving Member of the Academy, grown gray in an honourable but unprofitable pursuit—the furtherance of the excellence of the British School! How would the lovers of Art be delighted to see the venerable Stothard, for instance, in the green fullness of years, placed there as the Superintendant, rather than persons of whom they know nothing, whose names are not associated in any way with their recollections of Art, but on the contrary give them only reason to believe, that in establishing the Institution, the least that the promoters of the measure took into consideration was the advantage of the Arts themselves! We trust that another generation will not see what we have seen, nor have to be reproached for such unkind and unjust neglect of our native talent.

To the Editor of the Library of the Fine Arts.

June 9, 1131.

SIR,—As the editor of a periodical work professedly undertaken for the express purpose of promoting the patronage and love of the Fine

Arts, and encouraging a more universal and kindly feeling towards them and their professors, it is not a little surprising that in an article in your Number for May you should attempt to cast a stigma and speak slightly and disrespectfully of one who is not only an ornament to his profession and country, but also one of the most liberal and judicious encouragers of the Arts in England,—a man whose purse and professional advice were ever open to rising young men of talent who needed assistance. Let me ask who introduced Danby to notice, by purchasing one or two of his earliest works, and recommending him to the patrons of Art? Who was it that gave Bewick the splendid commission to copy in oil (the size of the originals) the set of prophets and sibyls by M. Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and for which he received one hundred guineas each; the whole of which, when completed, he told the artist he intended as a present to the Royal Academy (but forbade him to mention it till they were all finished)? I need scarcely add Sir Thomas Lawrence was that person. His death put an end to Bewick's commission, but not until he had made studies from the greater part of them, and which he has now brought to England. (You may, Sir, have an opportunity of judging of their merits, as four of the set are to be sold by order of Sir Thomas Lawrence's executors at Christie's, on the 18th of this month.) Is this a man that is to be sneered at and stigmatized as having a mania for collecting old drawings, and for not having one for amassing gold? Although he did not amass gold, he amassed such a collection of the riches of intellect and genius, that surpasses anything of the kind ever before got together, at a cost I have heard him declare a short time before his death, of little less than £70,000. And of what does this collection consist? Not of rubbish, be assured. His *mania* was to possess, and he did possess, food for the storehouse of thought and imagination of the highest quality, and none but the highest: these old drawings that you speak so contemptuously of were executed by L. da Vinci, M. Angelo, Raffaele, Julio Romano, Fra Bartolomeo, Titian, Claude, The Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, Parmegiano, Coreggio, Rubens, Vandyck and Rembrandt. Of M. Angelo's designs, whom his predecessor Sir Joshua considered the greatest of all artists, he had to my knowledge above 120, and of Raffaele above 150, and of the other great masters in like proportion; and the bulk of these, Sir, had his life been spared a short time longer to have enabled him to arrange his affairs, would have been bequeathed to the nation as a free gift, and not offered for its acceptance at the price of £25,000; and this too, Sir, I know from a conversation with him on the subject not long before his lamented and sudden death. If

all artists possessed the like folly (as you are pleased to term it), possibly we should see works of greater merit than at present decorate the walls of our national Exhibitions. In writing the above I am only instigated by the desire of vindicating and doing justice to the character of one of the most liberal and enlightened amateurs and professors of the Fine Arts, as well as one of the most amiable of men.

I am, Sir, Your most Obedient Servant,

VINDICATOR.

P.S. I trust to your impartiality for the insertion of this Letter in your next Number.

[We feel great pleasure in acceding to our Correspondent's wish, thinking that his letter does great credit to his feelings of veneration for the late President. We have, however, been much misunderstood in our remarks; we could not object to the predilection of the President for works of kindred genius, but only to regret that it should have amounted to such a mania as induced him to seek its gratification, though it led frequently to such unhappy results. We refer, for instance, to the letters to Sir Robert Peel, contained in the Correspondence.]

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The English School, a Series of the most approved Productions of Painting and Sculpture by British Artists, &c. By G. Hamilton. Engraved in Outline upon Steel. Nos. 1 to 15.

OUTLINE engraving has been employed of late years to a considerable extent in a variety of graphic works, both in this country and on the continent; more especially in France, where it was first applied to such publications as Landon's series of the collections of the Italian Painters, the 'Annales du Musée', 'La Galerie Historique', &c. It has also been almost generally adopted for architectural plates, even when they represent buildings in perspective. In this country it was, we believe, first brought into fashion, although not exactly applied for the first time by Mr. Hope, whose 'Household Furniture', and 'Costume of the Ancients', were thus engraved; and prior to the appearance of the latter another work had come out under the title of the 'Historic Gallery', combining the plan of the 'Annales' and the 'Galerie Historique'. But with the exception of these, we have few publications of any great

pretension so executed, nor does this mode seem to be so popular here as abroad; probably both because our draftsmen do not draw so correctly, and because design is considered by us of less importance than effect, execution, and finish. The French appear to us to be particularly successful in this style, for there is generally a firmness and spirit, a delicacy and relief in their outline, especially in all the plates of the elder Normand, which we have not yet attained, and which constitute a visible difference in a mode of execution that seems hardly to admit of any other than what arises from more or less correctness of design.

Among the recent *ouvrages au trait*, we may here mention the 'Annales de l'Ecole Française' (which, besides numerous other modern productions, contains all the principal pictures of the *Exposition* of 1827), and Réveil's 'Musée'. The latter may almost be termed of a pocket size, and has an English translation of the letter-press. Exactly corresponding with this in form and every other respect is Hamilton's 'English School', which, independently of the recommendations it possesses in common with Réveil's work, possesses that kind of interest which the other does not,—namely, that of exhibiting some of the most celebrated productions of our own artists; while the two series together afford an opportunity of comparing, as far as can be shown by subject and composition alone, the tastes of the French and English schools of painting and sculpture. Owing to the smallness of the plates, and in one or two instances, likewise, to the faintness of the outline, some of the subjects are not quite so distinct as could altogether be wished; and here and there we meet with one which does not appear to have been very happily selected. Of this description is the picture of Lafayette at Olmutz, which, whatever merit it may have as a painting, is certainly not recommended by any quality to be expressed by outline; the forms are poor and incorrect, the disposition by no means happy, and the costume neither picturesque nor graceful. Here and there, too, a picture has been copied which is not particularly calculated to give our neighbours any very elevated idea of the English school; such, for instance, as Sharp's 'Sunday Morning', Clint's 'Scene from the Merry Monarch', and one or two others. Some allowance, however, must be made from the circumstance of the selection being limited to such works as have been engraved. The specimens of sculpture are upon the whole not so good as those of painting; the execution, too, is far more unequal, and evidently by very different hands. Notwithstanding these few defects, the work is highly interesting and useful, as exhibiting the *ideas* of many works of great character and note; besides which it is exceedingly cheap, the price of each Number, containing six plates, being only

eighteen-pence, while some of the single prints could hardly be called dear at that sum. Reynolds's 'Infant Hercules', the late Sir Thomas's portraits of Mr. Calmady's children, Harlowe's 'Kemble Family', Stephanoff's 'Poor Relations', are distinguished not only by the merit of the originals, but by the superior spirit and taste of the drawing and engraving, and by a greater indication of shadow, which latter circumstance gives a vigour and distinctness to some of the plates that we do not meet with in the rest.

Upon the whole, this work is so very pleasing and satisfactory, that we cannot but wish it every success, and should like to see *Manuals* of the National Gallery, and other celebrated collections, brought out in the same convenient and economic form. We wish also the spirited publisher would extend the plan of his work by giving outlines of other paintings equally excellent but less known; for instance, the best of those exhibited every year at the British Gallery or at Somerset House.

Lithography.—In our notice of artists who had distinguished themselves in the pursuit of this very useful and rising branch of art, we inadvertently omitted mention of Mr. G. Foggo, whose lithographic drawings from the Cartoons of Raffaele at Hampton, have met with the decided approbation of all connoisseurs and artists. We believe they form the most important work that has proceeded from the press of Messrs. Engelmann and Co., and we feel obliged for the suggestion which enables us to correct our inadvertent omission. We will take advantage of this opportunity also to notice two new works lately published by Mr. Dickinson, of Bond Street, one of Saint Cecilia by Lane after Sir T. Lawrence, and the other entitled 'The Afternoon Nap', by W. Sharp, after Stephanoff. They are both extremely successful drawings; and Mr. Sharp's is the best he has yet designed, and in every respect worthy of his rival. Mr. Dickinson has also lately published six drawings of Windsor Castle, on stone, by W. Westall, A.R.A., which are well deserving of public patronage.

MISCELLANEA.

Westminster Abbey.—Amongst other projected improvements is the removal of the heterogeneous organ-screen that at present disfigures the magnificent nave. A beautiful stone screen is already completed,

which is to be surmounted by the organ in a new and more suitable dress, harmonizing with and partaking of the general character of the building; and in this *case* we confess we shall have pleasure in finding an old friend with a new face:—the visitor may then take his station at the cross of the church, and say whether the long-mourned genius of Gothic architecture is not indeed regenerate.

As we consider the Abbey to have suffered greatly by his operations, we venture to express our regret that Sir Christopher Wren should have attempted a style of which the characteristic peculiarities and delicacies of minutiae were evidently unto him as a sealed book. But this is a subject we cannot dwell on, as a visit to

Waltham Abbey is yet green in our memory; where that mania for cleansing and beautifying, technically yclept *Churchwardenizing*, has been suffered to imprint its plague-spot unchecked. In the nave we found the works of ages,

— “ Ere the art was known
By pointed arch and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone—”

dismantled of their hoary robes, and clad in penitential white.

The south aisle is encumbered with an unsightly gallery, that projects before the piers, and completely cuts up the effect; whilst the eye, soaring for the “fretted vault,” recoils from a tasteless modern ceiling. Exteriously, also, there is much of gradation, or rather degradation. As an instance of this we may notice the tower at the west end. It was erected about the year 1560, when Gothic architecture (properly so called) was at its ebb; the door being of earlier character, and perhaps brought from some other part of the building, as well as the window immediately over it. The two-light windows of the third stage appear coeval with the tower, and the upper part has been *shorn* of its fair proportion; or, if we may pun on such a subject, *perfectly barbarized*. We may observe, in passing, that the bells it was designed to receive, which formerly (probably after the falling in of the central tower) hung in a wooden frame in the church-yard, were, by an odd transition of necessity, sold to raise a fund for completing it. There was subsequently, however, a peal of six, and there are now eight bells. This tower is the more intolerable, as it conceals and disfigures a venerable west front, that we should deem about two centuries later than the nave, in which is a fine porch, with a canopy and some good carvings, and on each side a niche which is intercepted by the walls of the tower. At the extremities of the front are buttresses of great

boldness, which have niches in their upper stages, and were finished with octagonal turrets, and (probably) pinnacles. The niche of the northern buttress is surmounted by a dog having a hare in his grasp, which has a quaint allusion to the name of Harold, the founder.

On the south side is a projecting building, formerly a chapel, with a crypt; is now used as a school, and a flat ceiling hides the roof. It has some good buttresses, and some grotesques; but the walls are covered with plastering, and the parapets are wholly gone. This remark applies also to the body of the church, which is still further disfigured by the great projection of the eaves. We must however observe, in concluding, that notwithstanding the manner in which this church has been abused and defaced, it is yet venerable in its aspect, and not an unfruitful object for professional study.

New Catholic Church at Wiesbaden.—On the 11th of February, the walls of this structure, which was nearly completed externally, with the exception of the two towers, gave way, owing, it is supposed, to the inadequacy of the foundations, and were precipitated into a mass of ruins; yet fortunately without occasioning the loss of any lives. Within the building at the time were twenty Ionic columns, intended to support the galleries: these were of very superior workmanship, and the shaft of each was formed of a single piece of white marble about fifteen feet high. They were a present from His Serene Highness the Duke of Nassau, and had cost one thousand florins a-piece. Whether they have been irreparably damaged had not been ascertained when the account from which we have derived this piece of intelligence was published.

The New Society of Painters in Water Colours.—Her Majesty and the Duke of Sussex have honoured this new Institution by condescending to become its patrons; and it is now decided that the first exhibition shall take place next spring. Many leading professional men, as well as several individuals who rank high as discriminating judges and amateurs of the fine arts, have expressed their approbation of the plan, and their willingness to further the objects of the Society. Under such favourable auspices, therefore, we may rationally anticipate that they will be able to secure to themselves an honourable and permanent footing; and we also trust that the public will find reason to extend its encouragement towards them, by the display their opening exhibition will afford, of new and rising talent.

New Composition for Casts.—The premium of six thousand francs offered by the Société d'Encouragement, in France, for the discovery of a composition that should supersede the common gypsum, or plaster of Paris, by its superior advantages, was awarded, on the 27th of last December, to MM. Brian and Saint Leger. According to M. Merimée's account, this composition consists of chalk, clay, and calcined flint, which is afterwards pulverised. It is found to answer all the purposes of gypsum, will harden even under water, and although it requires longer time to become solid, recommends itself by its greater durability, and its power of resisting external injury.

NECROLOGY. *Moritz Kellerhoven.*—Professor Kellerhoven, Inspector of the Munich Academy of the Fine Arts, died on the 15th of December, 1830, at the age of seventy-two. He was born at Altenrath, in the Duchy of Berg, and his father dying when he was very young, he was educated by his uncle, who designed him for the church, being himself of the clerical profession. With this view he continued his studies till the age of seventeen, when the death of his uncle left him at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination. He accordingly entered the Academy at Dusseldorf, where he soon distinguished himself by his application and talent. In 1779, he began to follow his profession at Vienna, with great success, and executed many very clever *tableaux de genre*, and conversation subjects, in the style of the Flemish school, besides some historical pieces; but being invited to Munich in 1784, by the elector, Charles Theodore, and appointed Court-painter, he confined his pencil from that time exclusively to portraiture, in which he obtained deserved celebrity. He likewise engraved many small portraits in the style of Rembrandt, which are still in high estimation, and eagerly sought after. On the Academy at Munich being re-organized in 1808, Kellerhoven was appointed first Professor of Painting. The duties attached to this office, which required his daily and almost constant attendance there, left him but little time for the execution of his own works; he nevertheless economized his leisure so well that he produced a considerable number of portraits even from that period; and these later works evinced matured judgement and taste, and displayed a superior style of design and colouring, together with more perfect nature, and a nicer discrimination of individual character.

Giuseppe Longhi.—This eminent engraver, who died of apoplexy, on the 2nd of last January, was born at Monza, a village about three miles from Milan, October 13th, 1766. His father was a silk-dealer,

but intended to bring him up for the church, having the opportunity of securing for him a valuable benefice, through his family connections. Although, however, he did not lack diligence in his studies, Giuseppe felt such a strong attachment to the Fine Arts that he determined to abandon his prospects of preferment, and devote himself to the profession of an artist. While at school, and before he had received any instruction in drawing, he used to amuse himself by taking the likenesses of his companions, in many of which the resemblance was exceedingly striking. At first his inclination would have led him to follow painting; but being afterwards of opinion that engraving was less dependent upon individual taste and patronage, and that its productions circulated through the whole civilized world, he decided in favour of the latter. Having at length obtained his father's reluctant consent, he became a pupil of Vincenzo Vangelisti, a Florentine residing at Milan, who had studied his art at Paris, under the celebrated Wille; nor did he altogether relinquish the sister art, for he also received lessons in painting from Professor Traballesi. The desire of perfecting himself in drawing induced him afterwards to visit Rome, where he formed a close intimacy with the celebrated engraver Raphael Morghen. During his *sejour* at Rome, however, he did nothing on copper, confining his studies entirely to drawing, to the stanzas of the Vatican and the Capella Sistina, and to a course of anatomy under Corvi, in the hospital Santo Spirito.

On his return to Milan he began his plate from a picture by Guido, in the Chigi collection, which was succeeded by a variety of others, among the rest that of Galatea, after Albano. After this, a number of commissions for miniatures induced him to lay aside his burin for several years, until he was appointed by Buonaparte to engrave the portrait of him by Gros. About this time Vangelisti died, and Longhi was chosen to succeed him, as Professor of Engraving in the Academy, where he formed a number of able scholars, who have since distinguished themselves in various parts of Europe. Among his most celebrated works the following may be here mentioned: 'The Magdalen,' after Corregio; 'The Entombment of Christ,' after Crespi; 'The Beheading of John the Baptist,' after Honthorst; 'Ezekiel's Vision,' after Raphael; a 'Holy Family;' and 'The Virgin, infant Jesus, and St. John,' after Lionardo da Vinci; 'The Triumph of Scipio,' after Pierino del Vaga; several Bas Relief Compositions, after Appiani; and, 'Pan and Syrinx,' a composition of his own. To these may be added, the portraits of Eugene Beauharnois, Washington, Michael Angelo, Enrico Dandolo, Lady Burghersh, Appiani, and the present Emperor of

Austria. The last work on which he was employed was a plate of 'The Last Judgement,' by Michael Angelo.

Longhi also cultivated a taste for poetry and literature; and besides some poetical pieces, published a life of Michael Angelo, a treatise on engraving, an éloge on the painter Appiani, &c. &c. His ability in his own profession has received the testimony of Bartsch, who mentions him, in his *Kupferstichkunde*, in the following terms. "Longhi, a living engraver, excites our admiration by his masterly execution both with the graver and the etching needle. His engraved plates display a superior firmness of drawing, a fine feeling for art, excellent keeping, and the most skilful management in the gradation of the tones; all his productions, therefore, are distinguished by their accuracy and fidelity, and captivate the eye by a certain warmth and power. His style is pure and tasteful, and varied according to the character of the subject. No one can possess a greater command over the needle, or employ it with more feeling and sentiment; while, with the dry point, he has produced effects that border on the miraculous."

Waterloo Gallery.—The portraits painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the monarchs, princes, generals, and statesmen, for His late Majesty, and which were exhibited at the British Gallery last year, are for the present deposited in an apartment at Buckingham Palace, until the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle (the building of which is not yet commenced) shall be ready to receive them.

On a late occasion, His present Majesty, while viewing the royal collection, was observed to pause before a splendid portrait, by Vandyke, of that ill-fated monarch Charles I. standing by the side of his horse. When one of the noblemen of the Court approaching him, said, "Is not that, Sire, a fine painting?" His Majesty replied "Yes; and how finely it tells his history! His fate was melancholy, but he sacrificed himself in opposing the just wishes and privileges of his people."

We are informed that the Duke of Wellington is extending his collection of paintings, the works of the old masters. Who that has wealth and taste but would desire to possess such specimens of the genius of former times, as many pictures which could be named, in His Grace's possession! We cannot, however, refrain the expression of our regret, on witnessing what we still are prone to condemn,—that extraordinary predilection for honouring the mental labours of the illustrious dead, at the expense of the honourable and just claims which living genius has upon those who have the power to dispense patronage and rewards. It is far more profitable to enter the field of Mars than

the school of Minerva. The illustrious hero wears the laurel wreath green upon his brow;—but who plucks a branch wherewith to spare an occasional leaf, to weave a crown for his meritorious contemporary, who labours for the mental glory of his country? Honoured and glorious as is the name of a Wellington or Marlborough, that of a Wilson or a Hogarth sounds as sacred to the ear of an admiring posterity. Heroes living enjoy honours and rewards, but those who toil for mental honours too often till a deceitful soil, and must be content to sow without expecting to reap.

We have a Waterloo Gallery! Of our own hero we are justly proud. Neither are we such querulous wights as to sicken at the sight of the foreign princes and heroes so veritably personified by the painter's art, thus chosen to add splendour to the walls of the palace of our sovereign. Rather glad indeed do we feel, as admirers of portraiture, when beholding such a masterly display of pictured resemblances as that of the Emperor of Austria and the Autocrat of Russia, of the Ex-King of France, of the warriors Blucher, Platoff, Schwartzenberg, of the diplomatist Metternich; aye, and of His Holiness the Pope of Rome, and his minister Gonsalvi. We contemplate them with pleasure; but we should positively glory in another sight, viz. that of a National Portrait Gallery, whether beneath the roof of a royal palace, or in a gallery more specially dedicated to the public. Surely the British nation has given birth to warriors, statesmen, philosophers, poets, historians architects, sculptors, painters, and others, celebrated for great deeds, wisdom, and genius, whose beneficial lives have been sufficiently devoted to the advancement of the public good, to entitle them to the honour of similar pictorial perpetuation! This observation reminds us of that said to have been made by the celebrated sculptor Bennini, who, on receiving the well known treble-faced painting by Vandyke, of Charles I., for the purpose of executing the bust of His Majesty, exclaimed, "Surely something evil will befall that man, he bears misfortune on his face."

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Note.—In page 532, the last sentence commencing, "This observation," &c. is by a mistake of the press wrongly placed instead of in the preceding page, where it should follow the words "privileges of his people."

The pages 87 and 88, inserted after p. 164 of Vol. II., are intended for No. 1. of Vol. I., where the omission of two pages occurs.

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